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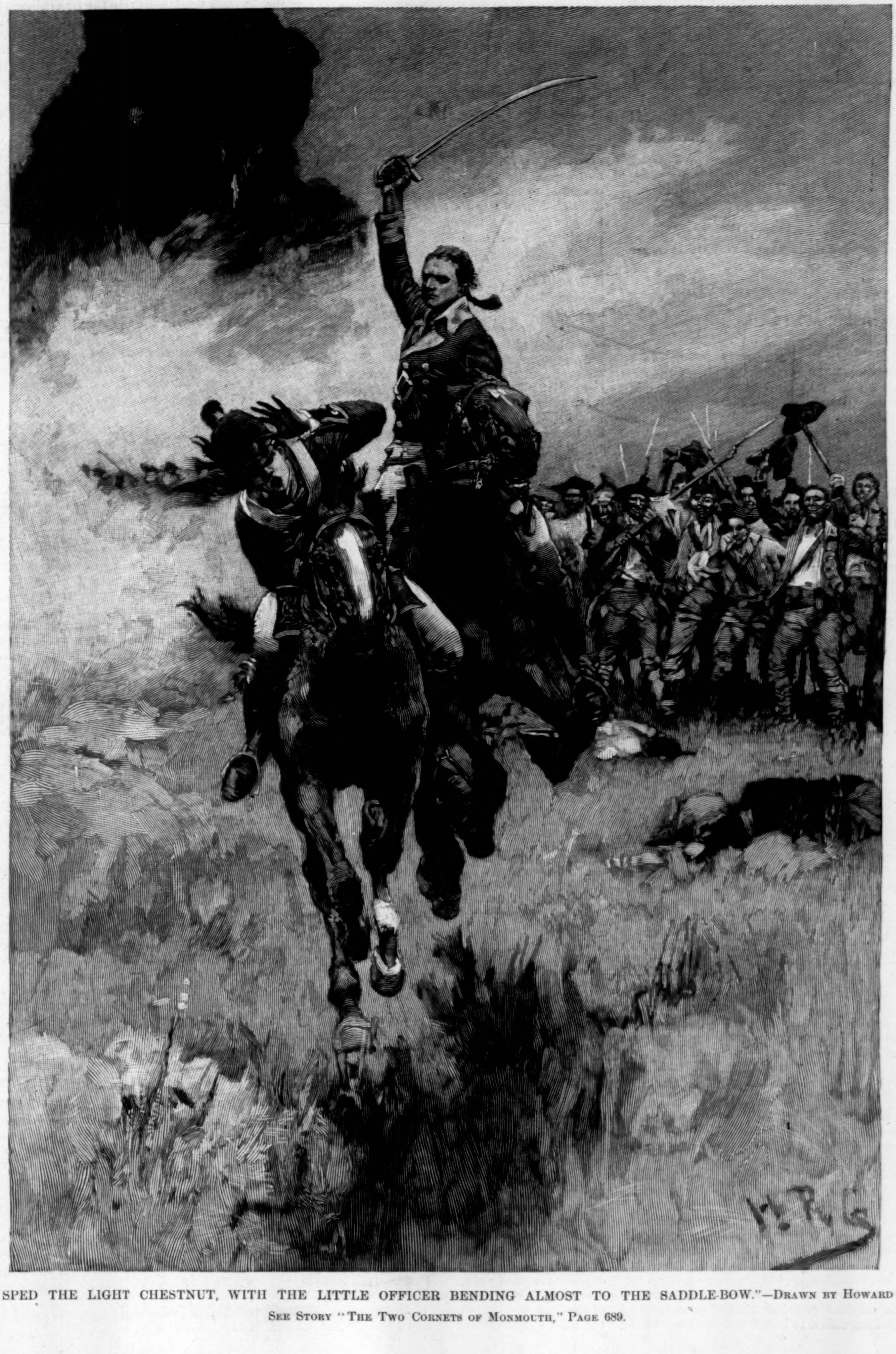

"ON SPED THE LIGHT CHESTNUT, WITH THE LITTLE OFFICER BENDING ALMOST TO THE SADDLE-BOW."—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.
SEE STORY "THE TWO CORNETS OF MONMOUTH," PAGE 689.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The current number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *published on Sept. 8th, is a peculiarly attractive one. It opens with* "An Off-Shore Cruise in a Pilot-Boat," *by* KIRK MUNROE. *The article is descriptive of the little-known life of a New York Pilot, and is illustrated by* J. O. DAVIDSON. *Mr.* TUDOR JENKS *contributes a unique sketch entitled* "Bob's Moral Sea-Serpent," *and a leading athlete in one of our great athletic associations tells for the benefit of puny little boys, such as he once was,* "How I Became a Gymnast." *These articles form but a portion of the many attractions included between the covers of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *for this week.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

No. 1812.

WITH COVER, AND DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION, DRAWN BY OTTO WALTER BECK, ENTITLED "FROM THE BARRACKS TO THE HOSPITAL."

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POLITICAL PROSPECTS IN NEW YORK.

THE election in New York this autumn is very likely to present an alternative which will be regarded differently by those who have the same general object in view. We have already suggested it in some comments on the possible nomination of Mr. ANDREW D. WHITE by the Republicans. The Democrats are not likely to nominate a candidate more satisfactory in himself or better qualified for the office of Governor. The probability, indeed, is that their candidate will be much less fitted for the office than Mr. WHITE, should he be selected by his party, and certainly not superior in personal character and ability. In the event of such an alternative, what would be the natural course of a voter who has at heart honest and intelligent government, the promotion of certain familiar reforms in the State, and the general elevation of administration, and who does not intend to support either candidate merely because he is designated by this or that boss, or nominated by one or the other party? This is the question of a large body of voters in New York. If any one of them is of opinion, as some of them are, that the Republican party is so corrupt and so pledged to policies that are necessarily corrupting, that its overthrow everywhere is the first public necessity, he is beyond the discussion, for he would support any Democratic against any Republican candidate, and merely awaits the nomination.

But how should the voter whom we have described proceed in the proposed alternative? It is alleged that Mr. WHITE would be nominated merely to be "slaughtered." But what has that to do with the question? Would he be worthy of the support of honest men if he were not doomed to defeat by his party bosses; and if so, why should their purpose—which shows that they know he would be beyond their control—affect the action of honest citizens? If knaves nominate an honest and fit candidate "to sell him out," may not honest men elect him and outwit the knaves? Why should the State of New York lose the services of a good Governor because he was nominated by those who do not want such a Governor and intend to defeat him if they can? It is said that his nomination would not represent the spirit or purpose of his party, and that nothing would be gained by his election. But if his party legislative purpose be hostile to the public welfare, nothing would tend to frustrate it more than an Executive whom that purpose would not control. If Mr. WHITE represents the general purpose and spirit in State affairs of the friends of good government, it is certainly a clear gain to have him in the Executive office, even if there should be a different purpose and spirit in the Legislature, and such a result is worth trying for.

If it should appear that the nomination of a proper candidate by the bosses, whatever their intention might be, results in his election, the proof which it would afford of the healthy condition of the public mind would be of the highest service to good politics. Should he be a candidate, the motives of those who nominate him need disturb no one. Assuming that he is not their lackey, but his own master when he is once nominated, and the alternative is a candidate whose election promises Executive as well as Legislative obstruction to beneficent measures in the State, the voter to whom we alluded will not long hesitate. To say that the issue will be the national question of revision of the tariff, and to insist that it is useless to try to change it, is to beg the question, unless the critic desires that to be the issue. The issue will not be the tariff if intelligent and independent voters choose, for instance, that it shall be State reform. The Republican party led by Mr. PLATT is certainly not a reform party. But with equal certainty the Democratic party led by Governor HILL is not. A Governor, however, who is identified with reform, who is not the creature of a boss, and in whose party is the stronger sentiment of reform, would at least obstruct reaction and the purposes of bosses. Refusal to support an excellent candidate on the ground that he does not represent his party is merely to say that the party ought to be opposed whoever may be its candidate. That is to say, the other party ought to be supported in any event. As we have said, if the voter has reached that conclusion, argument with him is at an end.

MONUMENTS IN PUBLIC PLACES.

Garden and Forest is discussing a subject which is of great interest and importance, namely, monuments in public places. The disposition in this generous country to erect memorials of many kinds, and especially statues, is so decided that it is very desirable to have definite principles to regulate our action. Three questions, our sylvan and floral contemporary thinks, should be asked: Is the person or event to be commemorated worthy of the lasting honor? Will the monument, as a work of art, satisfy the eye of art and mould a correct public taste? Will it be so placed as to appear to the best advantage and enhance the attractiveness of the spot in which it stands? These are essential questions, and they should all be answered affirmatively in the case of every such work. Our contemporary is of opinion that no monument yet erected in this country is for the commemoration of a person or event which would have a bad public influence, and it says justly that such have been seldom proposed. That of TWEED was the most flagrant of the infrequent instances, but that was very flagrant, and the names of the subscribers to that monument still show what is possible.

But *Garden and Forest* holds that even if the person whom a statue commemorates is not of a fame or public character large enough strictly to justify its erection, yet if he be a blameless and worthy man, and the art be excellent, it will be a desirable possession and a refining influence for the community. It is, however, a misfortune when public works corrupt public taste, or convey a false, grotesque, or inadequate impression of the person commemorated. One of WENDELL PHILLIPS's most amusingly caustic criticisms was a newspaper comment on the statues of public men in Boston. As *Garden and Forest* truly says, bad monuments injure those who look at them and those whom they commemorate, and it thinks that there are many such in our cities.

> "Who, for example," it says, "can be won to admiration of the poet by the contorted, ridiculous figure which at the entrance of the Mall in the Central Park bears the name of BURNS? Or who can gain a fresh sense of the services that SEWARD rendered to the republic by contemplating his statue on Madison Square? FARRAGUT is really commemorated, really honored, by the figure which stands not far away from this SEWARD. Each time we pass it we think with gratitude and admiration of him, while we receive a never-failing impression of pleasure from the sight of the work of art as such. Nor need it be thought that the humblest among the populace are blind and deaf to the difference between the aspect and message of such works as these two. Hundreds of persons of all classes daily stop to study the FARRAGUT statue; while, if one watches at the other end of the park, he will find that scarcely a glance is ever directed to the SEWARD. No one points out the DODGE monument on Sixth Avenue to the passing stranger, and probably few people know even that there is a bust of WASHINGTON IRVING in Bryant Park, though if these were really fine works they would be recognized, like the FARRAGUT, as among the things every visitor to New York should see. ST. GAUDENS's statue of LINCOLN not only adorns the city of Chicago, and daily teaches its people what sculptors' work should be, but it helps to interpret our greatest man to the rising generation. But what lessons are inculcated by the statue of LINCOLN in Union Square? And who will ever care to inform himself about BOLIVAR after seeing his equestrian figure in the Central Park?"

But how shall the merits of a memorial as a work of art be decided? This is not easy to say. In the Central Park no such memorial can be placed without the approval of three gentlemen, who *ex officio* should be proper judges. They are naturally lenient, but they did refuse permission last spring for the erection in the Park of a work already completed, and their decision was unquestionably wise. It is not a pleasant duty to refuse to gratify the wish of generous and admiring friends merely because the expression of their respect is inadequate. But unless the influence of fine works of art in public places is to be lost, and worse than lost, we must guard against grotesque, unmeaning, and ridiculous works which degrade the public taste and satirize the community. The cities that have most abounded in public works of the highest art are cities in which there has been the most excellent and educated taste. Athens and Florence may well be our models, and statues and other commemorative works of art should be intrusted solely to the execution of masters to be selected by those who are known to be qualified for selecting.

MR. SHERMAN IN OHIO.

MR. SHERMAN has skilfully assailed the fatally weak point of the Democratic position in Ohio. It was impossible that shrewd politicians should not at once take advantage of the enormous blunder of the Democrats in proposing to vitiate the currency and disturb radically all business relations. When the Senate had passed a free silver coinage bill, and the new House was known to have a free coinage majority, and when ex-Speaker CARLISLE was of opinion that the President, as a candidate for renomination, would hesitate to veto the free coinage bill which the ex-Speaker believed his party in the House would pass, the adoption of the scheme as the party policy by the Democrats of Ohio at once threatened the country with financial disaster. For what does free coinage of silver mean? It means that the government authorizes the holder of silver to settle his debts by paying eighty cents on the dollar. It drives gold into hiding, stops its coinage, and changes the standard.

This is a question which, under the circumstances, supersedes that of the tariff. Practically the tariff is a question of the rate of customs taxation, and the situation is such that immediate change need not be apprehended. But the silver question is more imminent. The whole business interest of the country is extremely sensitive to the threat of so radical a change as that from the gold to the silver standard. The Ohio Democratic adoption of the threat as its policy was not made easier to the public mind by the frank confession of one of the prominent Democratic candidates for the Speakership, Mr. MILLS, that he was a free silver man, but hoped the measure would not now be pushed; nor by the declaration of Mr. CARLISLE that a free silver bill would be passed; nor by the fact that the weight of the free silver vote in the last Congress was Democratic. All this tends to identify the Democratic party with the free coinage policy, which justly alarms sound public opinion; and "the game" of the Republican leaders was at once evident. It was to "rub it in," to warn the country against the impending danger, with which the Democrats had identified themselves in many quarters, and which was the inevitable result of a sentiment very widely diffused in that party.

Mr. McKINLEY played skilfully upon this apprehension in his opening speech in the Ohio campaign, and he was followed very powerfully and impressively by Mr. SHERMAN. Both of them, indeed, are open to attack. Mr. McKINLEY's speech last winter at Toledo did unquestionably strongly stimulate the silver craze, and sought to injure Mr. CLEVELAND for his conservative views upon the subject as "discrediting silver," and making money scarce among the people. Mr. McKINLEY's tone is now changed, but necessarily his views upon the subject seem to be subordinated to his sense of party advantage. Mr. SHERMAN also, by his strong approval of the coinage law of last winter, seems really to favor a scheme which is actually, although much more gradually, leading to the same result as free coinage. He does not think so, of course, and he is a master whose view is of the greatest weight. But however this may be, however Republican leaders may coquet with the silver feeling, however Western Republican Senators may lead the free coinage raid in Congress, and a certain Republican sentiment be counted for it in the country, it is undoubtedly true that the strength of sound sentiment upon the subject is in the Republican and not in the Democratic party, so that the forcible appeal of Senator SHERMAN is safely made. No Democrat of equal standing in his party with Mr. SHERMAN except Mr. CLEVELAND has taken such decided ground, and the fact that Mr. CLEVELAND would not have been welcomed by his party had he gone to Ohio to say what he wrote shows the real relation of the parties to the question. The silver situation of the parties shows, also, that neither party represents agreement in view upon fundamental public questions.

THE CHILIAN REVOLUTION.

THE statement of the situation in Chili made in the WEEKLY three or four weeks ago by Mr. RICARDO L. TRUMBULL was evidently accurate, and in speaking of it we said: "The question for our government to decide in considering the recognition of belligerency is whether the Congressional party is effectively equal to that of BALMACEDA. It is undeniable that the facts, so far as known, seem to justify that view." Events have hastened to demonstrate this equality. On the morning of the 28th of August, in a battle near Valparaiso, the Congressional troops were completely victorious, and while the engagement was in progress the city of Valparaiso was quietly surrendered to the Congressional party by the municipal authorities, who were strongly urged to the step by influential citizens who were in sympathy with the

Congressional leaders. The city was placed in the hands of the admirals of the American, English, German, and French fleets to preserve order. This was the first official news from Chili which our government had received for some time, and it was of decisive importance. Valparaiso is the chief port of Chili. Santiago, the capital, is about thirty miles distant, and was surrendered without a battle. The revolution was completely triumphant, and BALMACEDA disappeared.

It is significant that the surrender of Valparaiso was said to have been urged by the most influential citizens. It shows that undoubtedly the expression of opinion has been suppressed, and that BALMACEDA was terrorizing the country to prevent the appearance of sympathy with the revolution, hoping so to delay recognition by foreign governments.

The movement upon Valparaiso showed great military ability, and Villa del Mar may prove to be a battle as decisive as Sedan. The triumph, also, will be apparently one upon which lovers of constitutional liberty may congratulate themselves. BALMACEDA had violated the wise spirit of the Constitution of the country, and having deliberately set aside the latter at the beginning of the year, it is probable that had he been able to overcome the revolution, he would have seized for himself the Executive power. It is unfortunate that the old South American precedent of summary executions has been observed even by the Chilians, for they give the Congressional movement the character of the ordinary revolution in Southern countries. Sixty years of constitutional government might have had a better result.

There will be probably little delay in the recognition by our government of the actual government in Chili. But one thing requires explanation—the apparent disposition of the authorities at Washington to favor BALMACEDA. Undoubtedly it was his representative who was acknowledged and received, and the belligerent rights of the Congressionalists had not been recognized. But how was it that a government to which so powerful a resistance was offered, and which was really so unsupported by the country that it disappeared before one resolute and vigorous attack, was represented by our Minister as likely to prevail? There seems to be little doubt that he was the open partisan of the dictator BALMACEDA. There are stories told of him that require explanation, and in any case he cannot be *persona grata* to the new government.

THE INCIDENT IN SAN SALVADOR.

THE Pacific mail-steamer *City of Panama* arrived on the 8th of August in the port of La Libertad, in the republic of San Salvador, and among her passengers were PATRICK BRENNAN, an American citizen residing in San Salvador, and four native Salvadorians—all former officers of that government. Upon entering the port, Salvadorian officers, under the direction of President EZETA, of San Salvador, demanded of Captain WHITE, of the *City of Panama*, the surrender of BRENNAN and his four companions. Captain WHITE refused to surrender them, and the officers retired and reported to the commandant of the port.

The commandant came out to the steamer with a boat full of armed men, and told Captain WHITE that he proposed to take possession of the steamer and arrest the men. Captain WHITE replied that if the commandant of the port did not leave the steamer at once, he would throw him overboard. The commandant left. President EZETA, hearing of the incident, is reported to have decided to take off the refugees at all hazards at the next port in San Salvador where the steamer stopped; but Captain WHITE, learning of this purpose, did not stop, but pushed on to San José de Guatemala, and at once apprised the United States Minister in Guatemala of the circumstances, while President EZETA requested the authorities of Guatemala to surrender the five men.

This is the story as reported from Guatemala. Assuming that it is correct, and that the forms of local law had been satisfied, the question seems to be whether the captain of a San Salvadorian vessel in the harbor of New York may properly reply to the lawful summons of a proper officer of the port that he will be thrown overboard immediately if he does not leave the vessel. This would seem to make the captain of a vessel as absolute a master of her within as without the jurisdiction of the local government. It would also authorize him to declare who is and who is not a political refugee, and to refuse entrance to the local officers; and if he have that authority, he may at his pleasure or for his purposes call a thief or a murderer a political refugee. It is at least doubtful whether Americans would willingly permit the captains of foreign vessels to treat the port of New York as a part of the high seas, and we shall await with great interest fuller information of this occurrence.

THE TIRED PRESIDENT.

THE President is said to have returned to Cape May exhausted by his Vermont trip. This is not surprising, for the journey was necessarily very exciting, and he made thirty-seven speeches. As they were not merely formal expressions of thanks, but proper speeches, varied and pleasant, and singularly free from repetition, they were necessarily something of a tax upon his powers, and in the fatigue the President again paid one of the penalties of public life.

There is always some disposition to cavil at Presidential tours. When General GRANT made one it was described by the opposition papers as a junketing tour, and the tourist is always suspected of travelling for his own political advantage. It is, of course, difficult for a President who is willing to be renominated to forget that willingness when he is on his travels and addressing his fellow-citizens. But it is not difficult for an intelligent President to remember that he is the chief officer of the people, not of a party, and that all the people are interested to see and honor the Chief Magistrate.

Those who say that it is not the President's business to travel about the country are mistaken, because they mean that there is some kind of impropriety in the journey. In one sense it is nobody's business, except drummers, to go upon the road. But it is certainly a business of the President to promote public good feeling, and, as the chief representative of the government, to appear on public occasions of patriotic interest. Whatever he can do personally to cultivate friendly relations between all parts of the country, and, under the circumstances, especially in the Southern States, is well done. President HARRISON's tour last spring was an excellent public service. The tact of his speeches was remarkable, and undoubtedly promoted kindly feeling. He would be a fortunate man if no other objection could be made to his administration than that he makes little tours and good speeches.

SENTIMENTALIZING CRIME.

THE Springfield *Republican* justly and sharply condemns the sentimental tone in which the murderer ALMY in New Hampshire has been treated by some newspapers and persons. A more wanton and revolting murder could not be committed, and the murderer seems to be shrewd enough to understand the kind of feeling upon which he can play, and to be trying to avail himself of the chance. The case illustrates the wisdom of the New York law, which aims at repressing the sensational treatment of capital crimes and criminals, and the consequent demoralization of the community.

It is for every reason desirable that all kinds of sentimental and spectacular temptation should be removed from crime, and that it be presented to the public mind in its bald and repulsive aspect. To make a romantic hero of a cruel murderer, publishing his talk about his devoted love of his victim, his strewing flowers upon her grave and hovering about the house in which she lived, is to excite that passion for sensational publicity which indirectly stimulates to crime. So far as practicable all this should be stopped. The publication of such drivel is no more to be defended as the right of a free press than the publication of the private conversation of a family.

The ALMY case also ought to put farmers on their guard against taking into their families men as laborers of whom they know nothing. At certain seasons when farmwork is pressing and hands are few, almost any able-bodied man may find not only employment upon the farm, but admission to the family. The consequent possibility of mischief is obvious. This is a lesson that the rural neighborhood in which ALMY's crime was committed is not likely to forget. If an attempt should be made at the next session of the New York Legislature to repeal the capital execution law, there will be an opportunity for a free and full discussion of the whole subject of sentimentalizing and sensationalizing crime.

THE SILENCE OF PARTY PLATFORMS ON REFORM.

THE *Civil Service Record* truly says that reform has taken so firm a hold of the public mind that it is no longer anxious to see it commended in party platforms. The only allusion to it in the platforms of the summer is that of the Maryland Democrats, which we have mentioned as a pleasant stroke of comedy. Their platform says that the civil service to-day, considered as a whole, is a party organization. They intend the statement to be a condemnation of the Republican party. But they do not say that it ought not to be a party organization, and everybody avows that he would make it so could he have his way.

The contest in Ohio is regarded with peculiar interest. But although Mr. MCKINLEY has said truly in Congress that the reform is sustained by the best sentiment of both parties in the country, there is no expression of approval in the State platform on which he stands. This avoidance of allusion, however, does not mean lack of increasing interest and advancing opinion, of which Secretary TRACY's application of reform in the navy-yards is one of the most striking signs. It means that public opinion now holds parties to account for such declarations. It does not regard them as merely complimentary, and demands practical proofs of sincerity. The bosses do not wish to give them, and the platforms are therefore silent. The good Mr. PLATT says that he loves Mr. CLARKSON for the heads he has cut off, and he himself sorts out heads of the largest size, like Collector ERHARDT's in New York; and in Boston Postmaster HART reverts to spoils. But these performances are in full view of those who understand their meaning, and merely confirm the intelligent purpose of reform.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

MR. GLADSTONE's recent illness has withdrawn him somewhat from the public eye, and for a little time there has been less frequent mention of him in the press. There has been also a momentary lull in English politics, and we observe for the moment a change of tone in the weekly English letter of the New York *Tribune*. It is less sympathetic with the Tory government, and a late letter reports, not in a hostile spirit, the story of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's remark that should an election now occur, Mr. GLADSTONE would come in with a thumping majority.

Mr. W. H. SMITH has succumbed to the exhausting duties of leader of the House, and is in retirement at Walmer Castle. It is very doubtful if he resumes his post in the Commons, and probably he will be tumbled up stairs as a peer. His successor, it appears, is not yet selected. The choice lies between Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. BALFOUR. But Mr. GOSCHEN, according to the *Tribune's* letter, has demonstrated his utter incapacity for the post. He lacks tact. He has blundered, and has never really commanded the sympathy of the Conservatives. Yet Mr. BALFOUR cannot be spared from the Irish office, and has an Irish local government bill to pass, which is not agreeable to every branch of the ministerial party. To pass this bill and lead the House and govern Ireland are much for one man. But Mr. GLADSTONE did it, and what GLADSTONE has done, Mr. BALFOUR evidently thinks Mr. BALFOUR may do.

English Tory politics for the moment are a game against time. The Tory or Conservative party fears one man. With him removed, its prospects would be more promising. But at present the Liberals seem to be constantly gaining in sympathy and support. All the Irish incidents, the discredit and decline of PARNELL, the angry schism, do not seem to have weakened Mr. GLADSTONE's hold. It is, indeed, long since English politics have been more interesting.

A CORRECTION.

IN an allusion last week to the battle of Bennington it was carelessly stated that the burning of Kingston took place in August, instead of October.

PERSONAL.

LETTERS and telegraph messages of congratulation, with many gifts of flowers, were poured in upon Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES on his eighty-second birthday, which he celebrated August 29th. Among the messages was this from JOHN G. WHITTIER: "Love and warm congratulations from thine old friend." The doctor spent the day at his home in Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, and received many visitors during the afternoon.

—Prince WILLIAM of Montenuevo, the son of Empress MARIE LOUISE of France, is dying at Vienna. His father was Count NEIPPERG, to whom the Empress was married after NAPOLEON's death at St. Helena. Prince WILLIAM was strikingly like his mother in personal appearance. He had a passionate fondness for music, and during the violent fits of insanity that have marred his life during the past ten years nothing has soothed him so readily as the playing of the organ or piano by an accomplished musician.

—Mrs. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, writing to a friend in San Francisco, from Samoa, under date of July 16th, says there is "a constant tumult of threatened war and massacre of the whites" in that country. Of her husband she says: "LOUIS is ridiculously well. You should see him come galloping up from Apia, looking so well and cheery. It would do your heart good. He is busy on 'The Wrecker' and several short stories of island life—legends that are very interesting."

—Baron NATHAN DE ROTHSCHILD's summer recreation has been photography. He has been staying at a charming place near the Italian frontier, and on nearly every pleasant day he has made horseback excursions to places of interest in the vicinity, his camera always accompanying him.

—The expression, "newspaper enterprise," has been so much abused by the newspapers themselves that it needs such a real and important example of enterprise as that shown by the New York *Herald* in obtaining the first and fullest accounts of the Chilian war to show the world what the word really means. The press of the country has been prompt and generous in its recognition of the *Herald's* great "beat," which was proper. The home office of the *Herald* knew what was news, and was willing to pay for it; but it is as well to remember the young man at the other end of the cable, in a strange country, among people hostile to Americans, and speaking a strange tongue, and who collected the details of a great battle and got them within twenty-four hours to the other end of the continent. His name is WOLFF, and he is a San Francisco reporter.

—Prince BISMARCK suffers much from his old enemy neuralgia, and the writing of his memoirs does not progress swiftly. He dislikes the work, and a revival of the past seems to embitter and disturb him.

—Captain HAWLEY SMART, the English sporting novelist, is an old soldier, and fought in the Crimea.

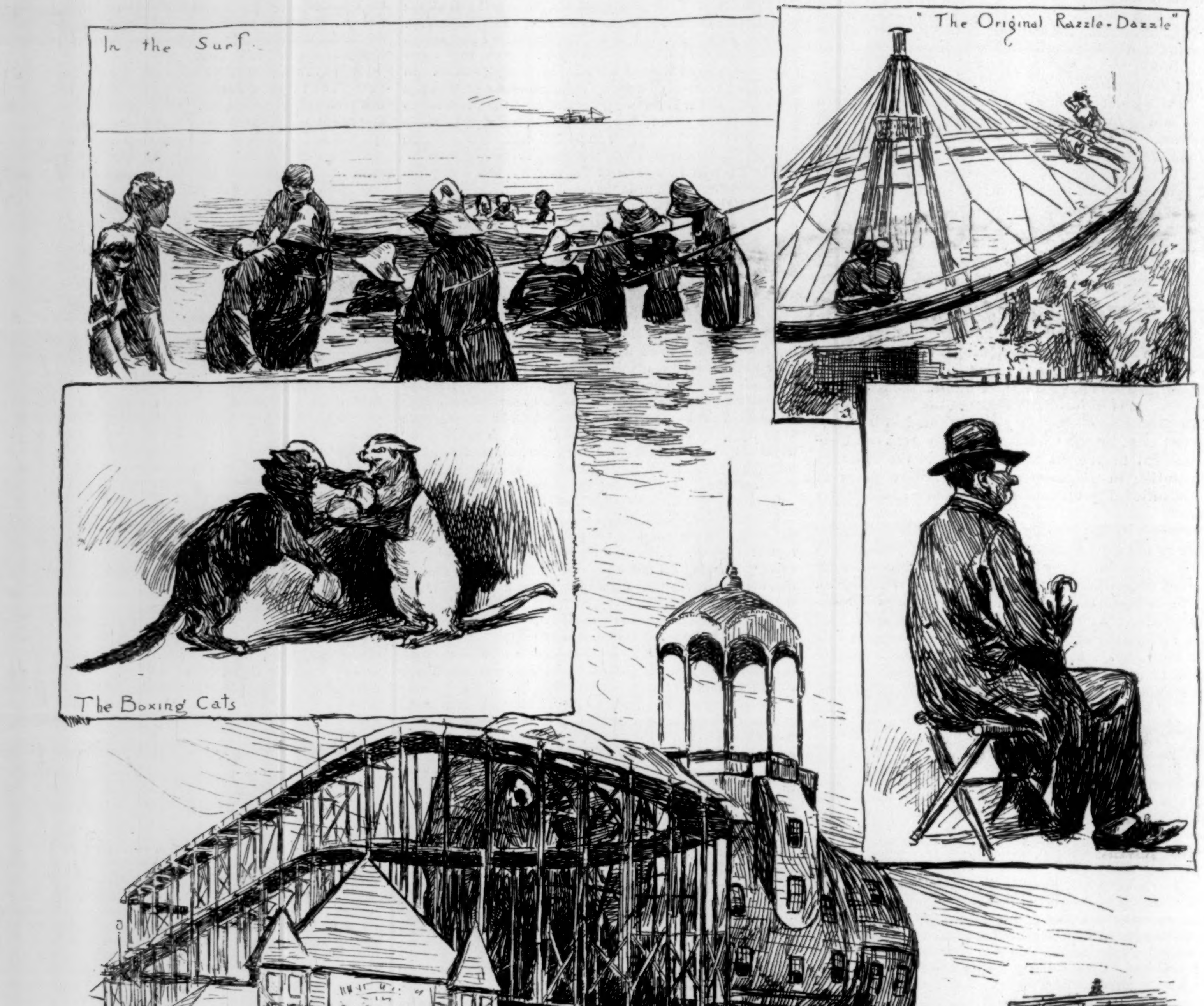
—A familiar figure has been removed from the Parisian theatres by the death of AUGUSTE VITU, the veteran journalist and critic. For many years he had witnessed and criticised for the *Figaro* every performance of importance in Paris, and to young writers he was always kind and helpful.

—FRANK STOCKTON claims to work with a deliberation which would hardly prove financially profitable to writers less known. He dictates to a stenographer, and sometimes, he says, he waits an hour for the right word. In this way he turns out about a thousand words a day.

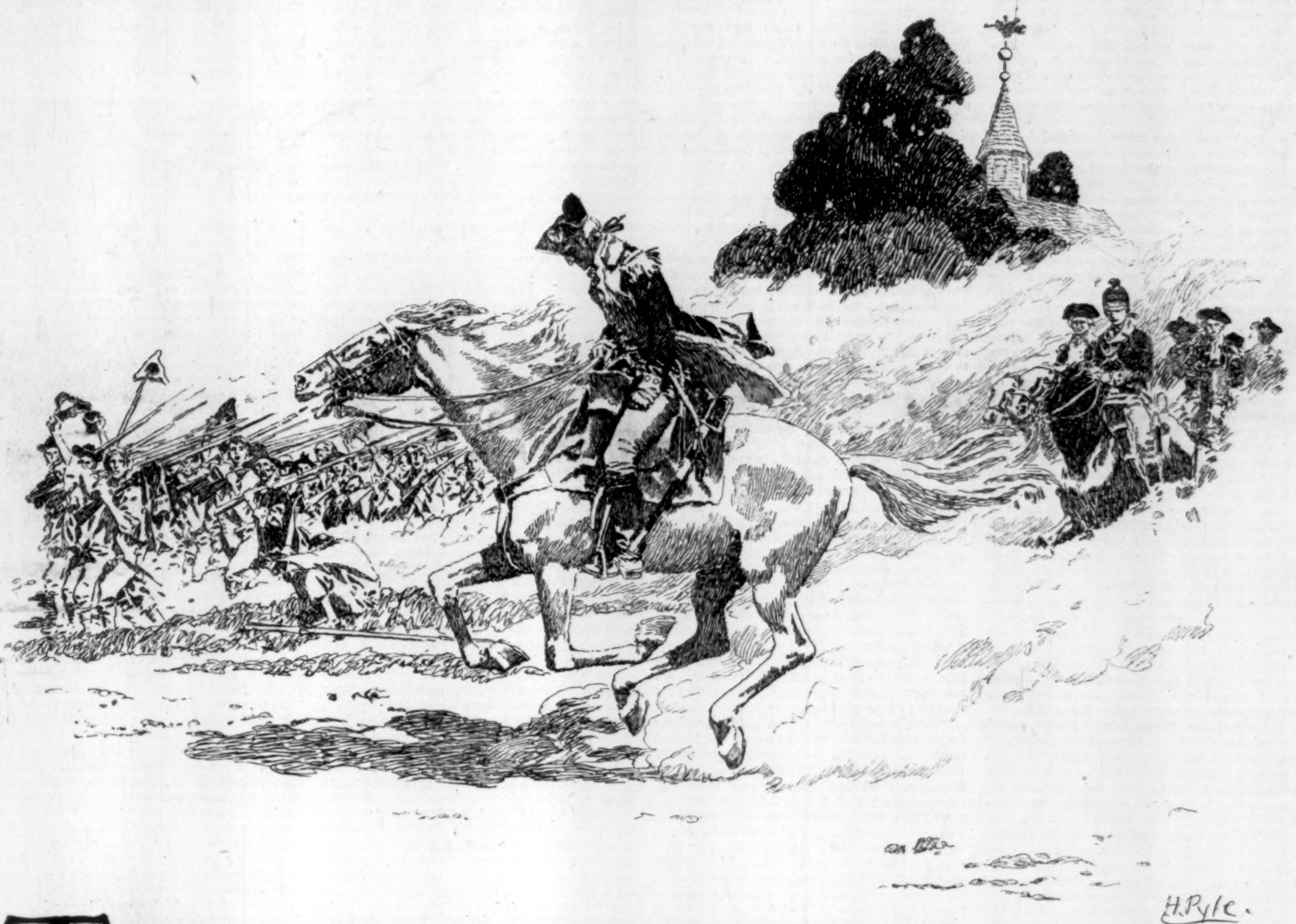
—A black prince is numbered among the students of the Nicholas Latin School in Lewiston, Maine. He ran away from his home in southwestern Africa, and came to this country to obtain an education. Discarding his native name, LOMAYOU, he took that of LEWIS P. CLINTON, and his progress in study has been rapid. He pays his way by lecturing.

—ALFONSO XIII., the infant King of Spain, has now, at the age of five, escaped from petticoat management and been placed under the charge of a governor. The spirit of mischief seems to be as fully developed in him as if he were not a sprig of royalty, for at a recent party in the palace garden he turned the hose on a distinguished general and an ambassador, drenching both. It is also related of this young gentleman that at dinner recently his attendant said, reproachfully, "Kings do not eat with their fingers." The youthful monarch finished what he was eating with the aid of his fingers, and then replied, "This King does."

—The injury to Lieutenant PEARY, the leader of the North Greenland Expedition, was caused by a peculiar accident. The steamer *Kite* struck a large ice-floe, and as the wheel was torn out of the helmsman's hand, it flew around with a swift revolution and struck one of the lieutenant's legs, fracturing both bones. Lieutenant PEARY is not disheartened, however, and he hopes to be able by about May 1st, when daylight again glimmers in the arctic regions, to start out on snow-shoes and go farther north than any other explorer has travelled.


In the Surf
"The Original Razzle-Dazzle"
The Boxing Cats
ELEPHANT
In one of the Concert Halls
C H J

A VISIT TO CONEY ISLAND.—Drawn by Charles H. Johnson.—[See Page 694.]



The Two Cornets of *Monmouth*.

By A. E. Watrous.

I.

THE line of lights that had fringed the abatis of the British redoubts far to the north of the merry-makers at Walnut Grove had died away, and only the many-hued lamps of the Meschianza cast their reflections into the pale blue sky of the May midnight, and surprised the sober waters of the placid Delaware with their glare. The roll of the fusileer and yager drums throbbing fiercely there on the north and the sound of the dropping shots of the pickets had died away, too, and given undisputed possession of the echoes of Philadelphia town to the scraping of the fiddles in the Wharton mansion gardens, where the flower of the British garrison danced away the night with the loyalist beauty of the province in honor of the departing commander, General Sir William Howe.

Captain the Right Honorable Andrew Cathcart, who, when the line of lights sprang up at the northern redoubts, had drawn away from the dancers, and listened intently to the throbbing of the drums and the dropping of the shots, gave a little sigh of relief as the lights and the sounds died, and then his forehead was wrinkled with a frown. He stamped his spurred heel on the walk of the box-hedged alley where he stood, and looked down contemptuously at the spangled tunic of red and white silk which he had donned for the day instead of the scarlet coat of the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, and ejaculated: "What d——d nonsense! Knights of the Burning Mountain! Gad, we are indeed Knights of the Burning Rome, with our Nero fiddling—" He started, for a light step on the gravel caught the quick ear of the man who, despite the fact that he had come to the revolting colonies a lord's son and a dandy captain of a crack cavalry regiment, turned out as alert a scouting rough rider as any one of Simcoe's Tory Corps of Rangers. Next he heard a light laugh, and turning, saw the towering head-dress of a lady of the Blended Rose come nodding toward him over a pair of the most sparkling eyes and the archest mouth in the province.

"I think I heard you muttering treason, Sir Captain, or is it Sir Knight?" laughed the arch lips under the head-dress.

"What, Mistress Kitty Pryor, are you here?" replied the officer, his surly mood changing to one of pleased surprise.

The high head-dress nodded assent, and then Mistress Kitty broke out, "Yes, and have been all the evening, and never a word or a smile could I get from Miss Nancy White's Knight of the Blended Rose, with his motto of 'Love and Honor.'"

The dragoon flushed at this reference to the transfer of his attentions, during Mistress Kitty's absence in Newcastle, to the only belle of New York's high Tory society whose presence graced the Meschianza, and muttered, "Small wonder that I did not recognize you in those 'trappings.'"

Mistress Kitty looked down at his pseudo-Turkish apparel, laughed, and said: "But, captain, were it not for these trappings I should not be here, for they rightly belong to Peggy Shippen, whose coming was prevented at the last moment by a delegation of Quakers, who waited on her father, and protested against the—the—Turks, and so I'm here enjoying myself, and Peggy's at home crying her eyes out. But pray, captain, continue your soliloquy which I interrupted. By my spangles, but you looked a noble, sorrowful, sightly knight in the moonlight."

"Sightly I was not in these tinsellings," said the dragoon, soberly. "But sorrowful indeed, I swear by a graver oath than mine own spangles, at this folly of ours, which hath kept us here feasting and dancing and drinking all winter, when we should have been subduing the rebels."

"By burning them in Roxborough barns, eh, captain?" asked Mistress Kitty, with a demure side glance from beneath her full head-dress.

The trooper flushed at the mention of this feat of his which in the previous December had warmed all hearts in the freezing Continental camp to vows of vengeance against him and his corps.

"The rebels would not surrender," he said, in a pained tone, "and I fired their untenable fortress. 'Twas within the laws of war. Yes," he continued, firmly, "rather would I be making such poor war as that than mooning here. André, from his history books in Dr. Franklin's library, says 'tis like the Carthagenians at Capua, where they spent such a winter to be beaten in the spring, and I wonder if the Carthagenian commander had a jezebel like that Loring woman? And 'tis the more shame for that the rebels are so bold and stubborn. Why, listen," and he sank his voice, "they told you ladies but now to quiet your alarms that the lights on the redoubts at the upper side of town were an illumination in honor of this event, and the firing a *feu de joie*. 'Twas no illumination, but those reckless devils of McLane's firing the abatis with Greek-fire out of tin kettles, and the *feu de joie* came from the loaded muskets of our foot beating them off."

"What madmen!" said Mistress Kitty, serious at last, her face paling, and a suppressed tremble of excitement in her voice. "McLane's horse, you say? Why, I have a cousin—not the Newcastle cousin—a cornet in McLane's, and he was always a wild boy. I'll warrant he was there."

Captain Cathcart laughed a rather harsh laugh. "Why, Mistress Peggy Shippen flies higher than Mistress Kitty Pryor. She has, they say, a general (Arnold) among the rebels, but Mistress Kitty only a cornet, and in McLane's night-riders! Ha! ha!"

"Oh, he's no cornet of mine," said the girl, flushing. "He might have been, but my father broke off all that when Robert espoused the pa—the rebel cause."

"Well, your cornet cousin will hardly wreak his vengeance on my devoted head this year," said the captain, seriously, "for, Mistress Kitty, I'll tell you a secret that all the world will know to-morrow; Sir Henry Clinton's first order on taking command will be to march for New York. We're going to evacuate the town."

"Good land!" ejaculated Mistress Kitty, surprised out of her manners and using a homespun provincial expletive instead of one of the pretty little lady oaths which the British officers had taught her. "And what's to become of *us*?"

"You'll be packed in ill-smelling troop ships, and taken a sea-voyage around to New York," replied the captain, laughing.

"Oh, those nasty troop ships!" cried the girl, with a grimace. "Doubtless we'll sail on one that brought a cargo of Hessians over. Oh, I wish I were a man! I'd rather fight my way to New York, and kill my own cousin on the road, than go by sea."

"Egad! wouldn't you, though?" said the captain, smiling surprisedly at the ring of spirit in the girl's tones. "Well, we must back to the rest. Say, do you know that I grew so warm in that sham joust to-day that I had nigh run Winyard through the body before the herald called on us to stop?"

Up the box-hedged alley toward the lights and fiddles the mock knight and lady went, and as they passed, the towering head-dress and the antique helmet drew close together in a whispered conversation which was pressed with eagerness by Captain Cathcart, and answered with expostulatory giggles by Mistress Kitty.

The dragoon surrendered his charge to Lieutenant Sloper, her cavalier, at the door of the great banquet hall, wainscoted with the one hundred and forty pier-glasses which had been borrowed from the walls of every house of Tory quality in the city to grace the occasion. Then he passed into the card-room and frowned, for at a long table was General Sir William Howe, flushed with wine and deep in the mysteries of pharaoh. He was surrounded by the dissolute boy ensigns, lieutenants, and cornets of the army, who chiefly followed his example in that Capuan winter of '78. At his elbow, in powder, paint, feathers, and jewels, was that jezebel of whom Cathcart had spoken, the wife of the Boston refugee commissary of prisoners, the chance rhyming of whose name with the participle "snoring" had held her up to the scornful ridicule of the whole country in the satire of the "Battle of the Kegs."

Cathcart sighed. Yet as he turned away in search of Nancy White, the young soldier's gloom was lighted by a gleam of mirth, and he laughed several times to himself as if a thought of past or future fun were flitting through his brain.

II.

When Admiral Lord Howe's great fleet, cumbered on all its decks with a crowd of cowering refugees, was but a cloud of white sail against the green slopes of Red Bank, and the rear-guard of General Sir Henry Clinton's army a vivid spot of scarlet disappearing in the foliage of Gloucester Point, McLane's horse rode round the frowning shoulders of the line of northern redoubts, scampered by the hastily deserted barracks of the Northern Liberties out on the Delaware River front, saw those two sights, and cheered. It was the morning of the 18th of June, a month to a day after the Meschianza. Then, while the convalescing commandant Arnold's little army of occupation marched in after them, they resumed their duties of scouting and patrol, varied by the amusements of hunting refugees and mildly hanging Quakers.

But one tall cornet, Robert Colladay by name, sought a half-day's leave of absence from his daring chief, and rode over the draw across Dock Creek, past the Blue Anchor Tavern, despite the fact that the tongue of his servant Cicero was lolling a good inch out of his black face with thirst, and so down among the pleasant country houses of Southwark.

A wealth of June roses bloomed in the garden of the gray colonial mansion where he dismounted, and the velvet of the shaven lawn was just as bright a green as on the day three years ago when he strode across it to offer his sword and services to the Committee of Safety, without a backward look either at the angry figure of his uncle Pryor in the doorway, or the tear-stained face of Mistress Kitty peering wistfully through the filmy curtains of the deep parlor window and the thick blooms of the rose trellis. He had often passed the house since in the two years before the British occupation, riding to guard or scouting duty in the marshes below the town, but this was the first time he had halted there. He knew there would be some rough revenges executed upon those who had fêted the invader through the long, terrible winter while the Continental army lay starving outside the cozy Quaker town, and he desired to use his good offices for the choleric old loyalist who had forbidden him his house.

The first answer to his clamorous siege of the heavy oaken door by means of the brazen lion's-head knocker was a reverberating echo. It told of walls within stripped of the tapestry hangings which had been the pride of his stately aunt, though the loves of Æneas and Dido, which had been faithfully chronicled thereon, had been a matter of some scandal to the broadbrim element of the town's *ton*. Finally an iterate application of the hilt of his long dragoon sabre brought to the door a black face surmounted by a powdered wig, which paled with fear to the olive green of the livery coat beneath it.

Hannibal, the Pryor family butler, gazed doubtingly upon the frayed buff facings of the streaked and faded blue coat and the toeless jack-boots of the big rebel soldier who claimed to be Master Robert. When the latter's identity was with difficulty established, the butler told the brief story of the family's flight. They had packed up all the plate-glass and portable valuables, and taken them on board the transport *Ramillies* the night before. The furniture had been sent to Newcastle, where he was to follow it.

"And Mistress Kitty?" asked Robert, impatiently.

"She just done gone two houahs ago," replied Hannibal. "She stay all night at Massa Wharton's, and Captain Cathcart scohted heh on bo'd dis mawnin'. He been berry 'tentive lately, Massa Robert. Tell you, Massa Robert, she cry heh pretty eyes mos' out to see de last of dis house and dis niggah."

"Cathcart—that savage. A pretty escort," Robert growled fiercely in his throat at the remembrance of the Roxborough incident. Yet doubtless he was a favored suitor in his uncle's eyes, and his attentions a marked condescension which would atone for the work of the Continental confiscation agents, who would shortly busy themselves with the lands, tenements, and hereditaments of the Pryor family. A lord's son, a favorite of Clinton's, a captain of dragoons—doubtless Kitty's tears were not so much at leaving the home of her childhood as at the prospect of leaving her lover at the Front Street landing-stairs.

He stopped on his way back to town at his father's house in Market Street, and found it stripped and pillaged. Making a mental memorandum of the damage to write to the owner, who was in his seat in the Congress at Lancaster, he ate a hearty dinner at the City Tavern. Then he found his colonel, and hurried to his tailor's to inform him that McLane's horse were ordered to join the main army at Coryell's Ford, and that, if he sat up all night to do it, his new uniform must be ready by morning.

III.

Meantime Captain Cathcart was silencing the fire of jests of his brother officers of the rear guard by introducing his new cornet—vice Verney, killed at Germantown—as the cause of his delay in joining them.

"Mr. Inskip, gentlemen," he said, "who hath just come over in the suite of the Peace Commissioners, and landed from Billingsport this morning."

The new-comer was warmly welcomed, and proceeded to express, with some boyish braggadocio, his regret at joining the army when in retreat.

"Don't worry about that, my lad," said Captain Montressor, of the Guards, who had just come galloping back from the head of the long cumbrous column. "You'll have as much work in this retreat as you're likely to get on any advance this side of the infernal regions." He laughed to see the color leave the cheek of the boasting boy as he spoke, and then said: "Captain Cathcart, the General bids me tell you to take your troop, and scout northward between here and the river, parallel to the army. He is advised that the enemy may cross the river just above Philadelphia. If you do not find the enemy, you are to rejoin the army at Mount Holly."

The First Troop of the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, just in sight of Haddonfield and supper, moved swiftly northward on its lonely dangerous duty.

Captain Montressor stood and watched the jingling little clump of sabres with a glow of admiration at the captain's ready response to the order. Then, as a peal of laughter was wafted back on the evening wind, he said:

"Gad! Cathcart may laugh on the other side of his face before he sees the colors again. But what the deuce is the boy scolding him about?"

IV.

All the sunburnt sides of the scorching road from Kingston to Freehold on the last Sunday of that eventful June were strewn with well-worn Continental coats, but Baron von Steuben and Cornet Robert Colladay rode in the van of the second division with collars buttoned stiff to their perspiring necks. By the new Inspector-General it was thought a part of his liberal contract to go to war precisely as the great Frederick did. He carried it out to the letter, and when the coat-throwing began, which was just after the sun got a fair reach at the gleaming gun-barrels over the long plain which stretched away to the sea, he grumbled fiercely. "If dey drow avay deir goats on de march," he said, "vhy vill dey not drow avay deir guns in de fight?" These remarks were addressed to the cornet as the only other buttoned-up man with the Commander-in-chief's staff, albeit he was the lowest there in rank. Robert grunted a sympathetic assent to the baron's complaint. He did not tell him that he had got his post of the command of a full troop as headquarters guard largely because of his possessorship of a new uniform, and therefore kept it buttoned up. Officers with new suits were scarce in the third year of the war. The Commander-in-chief was not averse to a bit of military millinery about headquarters. Robert's tall stature and fine face made him a likely candidate for the post of commander of the *garde de corps*. Robert's new uniform made him a winner.

"De Cheneral dinks dot Charles Lee hass no stomag for de fight out dere," continued the baron, pointing to where the steeple of Freehold church was dimly seen above the leaves, and whence already came the boom of cannon; "bud I, Von Steuben, say, der teufel take de Cheneral of de advance. You want goot gorbrals, goot gorbrals mit swidges, dey make de soldiers stant."

A gay voice from a boyish-looking horseman who had just joined them broke in upon the Inspector-General's monologue. "A most excellent sentiment, baron, one which it would have done my lamented grandfather, Jonathan Edwards, good to hear. Switch before sword or sceptre. Though, by my faith! I think he'd have switched me and the whole army, if his supply of birch had held out, for going to war on Sunday morning in his adopted State of New Jersey."

The Prussian martinet looked fixedly at the new-comer for a moment, and then replied: "You haf an English broverb, spare de rod, iss it, and spoil de—de kinde? I dink your grantfadder spared de rod, Golonel Purr, if all I hear iss true."

"Likely! likely!" laughed the boyish Colonel, who was an acting brigadier that day. "But, zounds, here's one who hasn't."

And as he spoke, a blown countryman came pounding up, beating the heaving sides of a sweating plough-horse, and almost running Robert down in his anxiety to see the Commander-in-chief. "Washington! Washington!" he puffed. "My news is for his ear." Then catching sight of a very large man on a white horse in the centre of the little knot of horsemen, he blurted out: "General Lee is beaten, sir. The redcoats marched from Middletown. Our men are up to their chins in mud. Oh, haste, sir, haste, or all is lost!"

The large man on the white horse turned an angry crimson as he spurred forward through the crowd to hear the uncouth courier's broken speech more closely. "Impossible!" he ejaculated. "Why, there has been no musketry fire as yet. Surely Charles Lee has not fled at sight of the enemy and the first discharge of a field-piece. Colonel Hamilton," he said, sharply, turning to a dark-faced alert young aid at his side, "hear this man's story when he gets his breath. If he has lied, give him a dozen lashes. Cornet Colladay, your troop. Baron, attend me, pray."

A long white mane and tail floated out before Robert's astonished eyes like a cloud as Washington's spurs sank deep in his charger's sides, and the maddened horse sprang forward on the sandy road.

Now Robert Colladay had followed the fox in many a hot cross-country gallop, and ridden winner in many a race with Mistress Kitty Pryor's colors on his whip, but never had he such a pace set for him as the raging Commander-in chief set on that road to Freehold. He could see distinctly the broad blue back of the great man and the flying cloud-like mane and tail of his great charger. All else in the hot horizon swam red and dizzy before his eyes. Backward he turned once, and saw the panting horses of the body-guard and suite trailing out in a foam-flecked race-track string. Baron Steuben, with his stiff foreign seat, was in the rear of Robert's troop of Pennsylvania fox-hunters, all spurring for piqued pride that a Virginia fox-hunter should so shame them. Colonel Hamilton, his handsome face strained with an anxiety that showed the countryman had told no lie, was closing the distance between him and his chief on a blooded roan, and bade fair soon to regain his side. And far beyond, for miles down the long column, Robert saw a strange electric effect, as one may see when some one strikes the head of a huge snake, and its great coils straighten and shoot out as its long sinuous body feels the sting of the blow, and it darts forward for revenge. Aids and orderlies were riding hot-foot from brigade to brigade and regiment to regiment, to close and hurry them; and as the fleeting figures of these horsemen halted a moment at the head of each command, there came cheers wafted through the red dust to the silent awed cornet and the silent raging commander spurring in the lead of this fierce race.

Ay, there it was. As they turned the corner of Freehold church the scene burst full upon them. Like files of gray geese the coatless Continentals, in their homespun shirts, were fleeing through the sunburnt fields in a wild tumult of flight; and as they galloped on, a white fleece of smoke darted out from above a hedge-row, and then a flash of flame.

Then Robert, who had never before seen war from the commander's clear vantage-ground, but only such broken bits of it as the soldier sees while waiting word to charge, wondered a little as he saw, after the bright flash of flame, gaps here and there in the straggling file of gray geese, as men threw up their hands and fell writhing. And then he knew that each was a dying or a wounded man, and he breathed a harder breath than the hot race had pumped from him, and clutched his sword-hilt, and started as if to ride full at the hedge-row, beyond which ribbon on ribbon of bright scarlet was moving forward after the straggling files as steadily as if each was tied to the belt of the guidon-bearer marching stiffly at the right of each rank.

But the broad blue back in front of him made straight at a portly perspiring officer who mopped his streaming brow beneath a tree a quarter of a mile beyond the church, and exclaimed to a slim excited young foreigner who was urging some course upon him, "My God, Monsieur le Marquis, I told you they would not stand before British soldiers!"

Then Cornet Colladay felt a great fear in his heart. It was not for himself nor of the enemy, but for his chief, and not either that his chief should come to harm. But as he saw him riding straight at the portly officer, he feared that his rage had lost all bounds, and that he would ride the other down. And when he reined his foaming horse, his great bony right hand worked and clutched the air, and made as if to tear the recreant General from his saddle.

But the wrathful commander reined his temper as he had reined his horse; and though he spoke in thunder tones, and his face worked with contortions of suppressed rage, which made his large features look like those of a terrible demigod, he only said: "Sir, whence comes this disorder and confusion? I desire to know the reasons—the reasons, sir?"

"Reasons, sir, reasons," answered General Lee, hotly. "Two months of drill does not make soldiers, even if administered by a pupil of Frederick. They will not stand."

"What example do you give them?" began the commander. "But I will deal with that after. Do you, sir, reform your men behind our columns. M. de Lafayette, ride with all speed to General Greene. Tell him to haste, non his life."

The slim young Frenchman, who, Robert found time to notice, had with difficulty restrained himself from following the customs of his country and the dictates of his heart by kissing his chief on both cheeks, bowed and smiled delightedly, and was off like the wind. Then the commander, the body-guard, and Colonel Hamilton, who had come galloping up with the rest of the suite, were enveloped in the stream of panting, perspiring fugitives.

"Form in front of the church, men," cried their leader. "Our friends are near at hand. The day is young yet, and you shall make them pay for their winter quarters before sunset."

There was a feeble cheer, and a lank aguish Virginian of Varnum's cried, as he staggered past, a grisly spectacle of blood and mire:

"They formed us in a bog, General. We had to run or sink to China."

But the General bit his lip, for all his cheery exhortation. Far from the northeast, beyond the roofs of Monmouth, the thin note of a bugle came down the hot wind of the Sabbath morning, and the signs that the cavalry were about to be put in against the wreck of Lee's division were more fearsome than the crashing volleys of the advancing lines of red infantry, even though the bullets pattered among the leaves and pitted the roadside wall.

"I will stay with you here and die, General."

Robert heard Colonel Hamilton's low musical voice this far, and then around the corner of Freehold church came a sweeter music far. It was the measured roll of the second division's drums, and cheering, rank on rank of Ramsey's and Stewart's brigades swept grandly into the fight. Heads stiffly up, eyes straight to the front, arms rigidly aport, they marched, coming to a swift present as they passed the kindling eye of the chief, who responded promptly as the blade of each officer curved a graceful salute to the head of the army.

"Beautiful, baron, beautiful!" cried the delighted chief, as the Inspector-General hurled a heavy German anathema at an ensign whose spontoon was sloped at an angle unknown to the Prussian manual. "And now to post them. This will be no Germantown!"

No Germantown, indeed, but no Princeton either. Greene was on the right, with his New-Englanders. Lord Stirling held the left, with some few left in his division of the Fifth of the Maryland line, whose heroic stand at Long Island had been the fairest episode of that disastrous day. Washington himself in the centre showed Charles Lee how to fight his game but ill-led troops of Maxwell's, Varnum's, Scott's, and Wayne's brigades. And Steuben, riding through their files as on a field-day, and "swidging" and swearing whenever he found a platoon out of alignment or a rear rank too close upon a front rank, wondered if his new friends of the New World could hold their men against his former comrades of the Old.

There in the parsonage orchard, where Dominie Woodhull's daughters were used in happier times to shake the red "snowballs" and brown russets from the trees, Mad Anthony, raving with delight of battle, was gathering a red harvest too, but gathering it by such dint of work as he had never known before, nor was to know thereafter, save at his wild escalade of Stony Point. Monckton's grenadiers came at him through the soft shaded grass beneath the apple-trees like a clock-work machine of murder. Once they had all but driven him out of his shady vantage-ground. Then Knox's batteries, just unlimbered on Comb's Hill on his flank, came roaring to the rescue, and Robert saw the strangest sight of all his soldiering days, one whole platoon of British grenadiers disarmed of their firelocks by a single round shot, so perfectly regular was their battle front. Back through the apple-trees came Wayne, and by the great barn in which Dominie Woodhull's daughters had but yesterday milked the dominie's cows, his front rank's muskets spoke. Then Robert saw the perfect red ranks falter and hesitate through the smoke, and, as it cleared, he saw the reason of its doubt, and why a fierce yell of triumph burst from the parched throats of Wayne's men. Monckton was down. His major was down. So was his senior captain. The too swift promotion of Mad Anthony's marksmen had staggered that splendid regiment.

There at the hedge-row, beyond which Robert had first seen the gliding ribbons of red, Clinton hurled charge after charge against Livingston's fresh troops and Varnum's rallied brigade. The narrow causeway at their backs crossed the morass through which they had first retired, and beneath it were certain grisly reminders that made them sell each step of ground they gave as dear as if they trod on golden nuggets, not blood-slippery Jersey sand. They were mud-choked semblances of what had been warm men and blithe comrades at reveille, lying stark beneath the arches of the causeway, whence they had been hurled in the wild panic of the morning's flight.

So far did Robert's fearless chief ride into that hell of carnage at the bridge head, that the cornet could hear the snapping of bones as the grape and round shot tore through the thick close-ordered columns. He could hear the smothered cries of wounded men, who, trodden on by their fighting comrades, would not disorder the line of battle with their shrieks. He could see the faces of men hit, and read by their twitching lips where wounds are keenest, in breast or belly or groin or thigh. He saw one man, like Xenophon's Greek mercenary, thrust through and through, staggering out of the fight, holding his viscera in his hands.

The coppery midsummer sun glared through a haze of red dust on a red dance of death, and then,

"The rascals waver at the bridge head there, General Tarleton, put in your horse."

Back at Carr's house on the outskirts of Monmouth, Clinton, watching the fierce struggle through his glass, and wondering at first how the rebels stood so long in the open against the flower of Europe's infantry, had deemed the time fit to try the sabre. And from the square of Monmouth village, it seemed as if some great hand had thrown a roll of red ribbon out into the fields which uncoiled as it flew, till stretching all across the eastern horizon was an undulating scarlet line. Then came the slow high note of a bugle, and then to the upper side of the ribbon of scarlet was seen a sheeny silver fringe, as the long sabres of the Queen's and Seventeenth Light Dragoons flashed upward for the charge. A wild cheer went up from the red footmen at the causeway as they saw the red horsemen sweeping to their succor. Oswald's hot guns from the heights behind the morass answered it as they plied the advancing lines in hopes to check it as they had checked the pursuers of Lee in the morning.

Through the battery smoke, drifting in upon and enveloping the staff, Robert, standing with mouth agape at the wonderful precision of the charge, saw his chief beckon with a commanding finger.

"Ride to General Lee," was the order, "and tell him to withdraw his men slowly across the causeway. He cannot bide their charge in the field, but our batteries may give some account of these gay gallants."

The cornet sped across the causeway

through the ruck of slightly wounded men who were pouring back from the front. As he went, he felt the ground tremble under the plunging gallop of the advancing horse, and as he gave his message to the metamorphosed Lee, who was gallantly proving himself a liar in his morning's speech to Lafayette, he made out, with a hot heart-throb under his new jacket, the standard of the bloody Seventeenth.

Then his sane mind left him, and he only thought to strike one blow in remembrance of Roxborough and of his sweetheart's escort to the transport, if he never set eyes on his sacred charge again. Three leaps of his hunter would have covered the ground between him and the charging line, as Colonel Ogden's Jersey regiment, under Lee's own eye, formed a square to receive cavalry, and cover the retreat across the bridge of the remainder of the two brigades.

Two leaps his hunter took a moment later, and McLane's horse, in the person of one man, Cornet Robert Colladay, was hand-to-hand with the Seventeenth Light. But when his sane mind left him, a maniac cunning came instead, and charging through the press of horsemen (now disordered by the resistance of the square, and riding round it to seek a breach in the bristling hedge of bayonets), Robert's singleness of purpose saved his skin. In battle or elsewhere all men make way for a man with an object, and Robert's one object was Cathcart. He had seen him riding, cool, bold, and insolent, at the head of the First Troop; had seen him turn to encourage his men just before the great wave of mounted battle foamed up against the stout sea-wall of Jersey yeomen. At him he rode, cutting down one hulking Yorkshireman who stood in his way like a stalk of golden-rod, and hurling a sergeant from his saddle like a stone from a sling with a blow from the butt of his pistol. Then, as he met him face to face, and rose high in his short stirrups to deal a blow which would have changed the succession to one peerage, his vengeance slipped from his grasp, as Cathcart gave a choking yell and fell from his horse, with a bloody foam flecking his lips, shot through the lung from the centre of the square.

Robert glared one moment at the saddle where his foe had been—glared as an angry bull glares at the spot where a flying mortal should have been, according to his taurine calculations, to receive the impalement of his horns—then he gave vent to an inarticulate cry of rage, and rode straight at the first object he saw wearing a dragoon uniform and an officer's epaulet. The little cornet who wore them looked once at him, then turned and fled. Fled not back to the safety of the British lines, but, as if crazed with fright, sent his horse scudding like a frightened hare right across the Continental front. Robert stopped long enough to tighten his own belt and his horse's girth, to smile a grim smile, and then gave chase. He knew it was a wild agony of fear that guided his flying adversary. He resolved to make the chase a torture for him. On sped the light chestnut with the little officer bending almost to the saddle-bow, and ducking lower yet as he met the line of fire of each American regiment. After him thundered big Robert on his huge bay, with sword drawn, and fastidiously changing the direction of its point from time to time as he selected where to strike. Powder-grimed men leaned wonderingly on their firelocks and gazed, with cartridges half bitten through, at the wild chase. Down the long line clear to Stirling's stand on the comparatively unengaged left they swept, the big blue cornet holding his tantalizing sword above the bended back of the little red cornet, and smiling grimly all the time. Then back to the bridge head they came, whence now the square had retreated and the cavalry withdrawn under Oswald's plunging fire. There Robert Colladay thought to end the ghastly farce, and rising high in his stirrups he drove his point home for the spot where the cross belts meet. To spit the little chicken, he thought to himself, for roasting would be fine.

To his ringing ears there pierced a cry, shrill with a strange gasping reminder in it of a voice he had heard before, and then words came as the point touched the cross belts—words as familiar as the end of many a childish romp—"*Oh, Robert, stop, you hurt!*"

The long dragoon sabre fell clattering to the dusty earth. The big cornet sank his spurs once in his great bay's reeking sides, then stretched his mighty arm, and across the causeway, amid a roar of cheers and laughter from Ogden's heroes resting under the fire of the battery, the big cornet of McLane's galloped with the little cornet of the Seventeenth swung like a bag of meal across his saddle-bow.

Two troopers of his own command rode forward with cocked pistols as he dismounted with his prize.

"No quarter for that uniform," they cried.

"Stop, you fools!" shouted the captor cornet, as he laid the captive cornet gently on the grass. "It's a girl—my cousin."

V.

Mistress Kitty Pryor, late cornet of his Majesty's Seventeenth Light Dragoons, slept that night with Sergeant Molly Pitcher, of Knox's Continental artillery. One Amazon had lost a commission and found a cousin on the field from which the beaten Clinton was stealing under cover of the darkness. The other had found a commission, or rather a warrant, and lost a husband whose gun she served, as history attests, through the later hours of that hot fight. Both wept—Mrs. Molly for her husband's death, and Mistress Kitty because her cousin would hardly speak to her, and was for going out into the field, or the British camp if necessary, to give Cathcart his *coup de grace* for his part in the escapade.

"I thought he knew me at the first," sobbed Kitty, "and wanted to k-k-k-ill me for running away in men's clothes. It was only a lark, and Captain C-c-c-athcart said it would be a mere canter to New York; and now he's dead I doubt not, and, oh, I wish that I was!"

"For the love of a murtherin' Sassenach captain?" said red-haired Molly, fiercely. "More shame t' ye! Faith, my mon's six-pounder is me husband now."

"No, no!" protested weeping Mistress Kitty, with fire in her swollen eyes. "I hate him! hate him! hate him! For a fipenny I'd have shot him myself when I found how he'd lied to me! For he said—oh! oh! oh!—that he had d-d-despatches, and 'twould be but a day and part of a night's ride to New York; and—and—we were engaged, and would have been married before papa came with the Admiral. It was *only* an elopement, at most; but Robert won't believe me, and he looked *so* fierce and handsome in his new uniform—blue and buff's prettier than red, anyway—and I'd marry that nasty old sword he stuck in my back, and I suppose he doesn't think I'm even worthy of that."

In the inedited MSS. of the Colladay and Pryor families, which were reunited after the peace, there is evidence, however, that Cornet Colladay came, by the light of another day, to look upon his cousin's misdowry as the foolish freak it really was of a girl who, for love of a lark, had only forestalled her parents' intentions in taking a short-cut to New York and the altar—to only one of which destinations Cathcart, as it turned out, had intended to lead her. There is also evidence that General Washington's chaplain's services were called into requisition as soon as Cornet Colladay came to this conclusion. There is no documentary evidence in existence, but very little doubt in fact, that this conclusion was hastened by the knowledge that Sergeant Molly's duties as an artillerist, with eighty dollars gratuity, and half pay for life after the war, were too important to allow her to waste much time as the chaperon of an ex-British cornet.

THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL STATION AT CHICAGO.

THE grand terminal station of the Chicago and Northern Pacific, the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City, and the Wisconsin Central railways, recently erected at Harrison Street and Fifth Avenue in Chicago, is in some respects the finest passenger station in the country. The building covers $3\frac{6}{10}$ acres, with a frontage of 226 feet on Harrison Street and 680 feet on Fifth Avenue. Its foundation rests upon piling varying from 30 to 50 feet in depth, capped by massive oak timbers set in a concrete bed of Portland cement. The architect of the edifice is Mr. S. S. Beman, of Chicago. The external distinguishing feature of the edifice is a fine tower. The material used in the construction of the building is pressed brick, plain and ornamental, of a handsome seal-brown tint. The plain exterior finishing, of great blocks of brownstone, brown brick, and terra-cotta, is befitting so massive a structure. The passenger shed contains six tracks and four platforms, giving a width to that part of the building which makes the centred arch of the opening particularly impressive. The interior of the edifice is in keeping with the dignified simplicity of its exterior. The finish, in white and red oak wood-work, of the offices and the general compartments is both artistic and substantial.

North of Harrison Street, Fifth Avenue widens 20 feet, so that the tower apparently projects 10 feet into the street, and is visible from almost any point on the avenue or North Wells Street. The tower, which rests upon a foundation 27 feet square, is 236 feet high. For the first 29 feet it is built of Connecticut brownstone, pierced with four arches, each 10 feet in span and 14 feet high, forming the main entrance to the building. Of the fifteen stories of the tower, nine are fitted up for offices, the first five stories being reached from the respective floors of the main building, and the next four by a special electrical elevator. In the upper part of the tower is a clock, the second largest in the United States, with a dial 13 feet 6 inches in diameter, and a pendulum weighing 700 pounds. It strikes the hour with a 250-pound hammer on a bell, weighing 10,500 pounds, in the story above. This clock, the dial of which is illuminated by night, furnishes the standard time to the clocks of all the departments in and about the station by means of electrical connections. The main portion of the edifice, fronting on Harrison Street, is six stories high, and is occupied entirely by the offices of the three roads which enter the station.

The main waiting-room is 207 feet long and 71 feet wide, with a ceiling 25 feet high, supported by two rows of massive steel columns, finished in scagliola of a light and pleasing amber tone. A part of the waiting-room which projects west of the office building is lighted by six handsome skylights. In the ceiling are 20 panels, each carrying a circle of 12 incandescent electric lights, making an illumination equivalent to 4000 wax candles. The room is floored with Champlain marble, and is wainscoted $8\frac{1}{4}$ feet high with Tennessee marble. Over 25,000 square feet of marble enter into the construction of this building. At the south end of the main waiting-room is the handsomely furnished and carpeted ladies' parlor, 32 by 40 feet in extent. A double marble staircase leads from the main waiting-room up to the dining-room, which is 73 feet long and 36 feet wide, with mezzanine floor.

On the Fifth Avenue front, beginning at the north end of the building, are the waiting-room, ladies' parlor, and dining-room; south of them, a passage from Fifth Avenue to the train shed crosses the building; south of this passage is the baggage-room on the first floor, and the emigrant room overhead, beyond which, underneath the approach to Polk Street viaduct, is the express-room. West of these lie the carriage drive and the train shed.

Notable among the features of the structure is the admirable arrangement for handling a large amount of traffic with ease and dispatch, which in spaciousness and convenience surpass the corresponding departments in any similar structure in America. The outgoing passengers arriving in Chicago are received directly into their waiting-room, while the passengers who are to stop in Chicago can pass directly into the carriage drive, and thence to the street. The busy throng of suburban passengers have a separate entrance and exit of their own. The emigrant-room, at the south end of the baggage-room, is a spacious cheerful apartment, with comfortable chairs and seats, and—a new feature in railroad stations—there are connected with it several bath-rooms for the use of alien travellers. Here emigrants are received, sent to their waiting-room, and from this same point are taken to their cars, which, with the baggage and express cars, are run into the train shed just before leaving-time. Thus the four classes of travellers are wholly separated.

On the Harrison Street front three great archways lead into that part of the main building used for the reception of carriages. These arches, each spanning 37 feet, with a clear height of 21 feet, are an impressive and pleasing feature of the building. The carriage drive or court is 146 feet long and 117 feet wide, surrounded on three sides with a sidewalk 16 feet in width. The floor of the court, which is supported on 39 piers and 80 cast-iron columns, consists of a series of "I" beams, between which are built 8-inch brick arches laid in Portland cement covered with lithogen. The space beneath the carriage court is occupied by the boilers, engines, and dynamos which furnish light and power to the building. There are two immense Hazelton tripod boilers, equipped with Roney mechanical stokers, which furnish power to three Crane hydraulic elevators, three engines for running the dynamos, and two Norwalk air compressors, the exhaust steam from the machinery being used for heating the building. The engines, the total force of which is 450 horse-power, are used in driving four 20,900-light and one 1600-light Edison incandescent electric-light dynamos, and two Sperry arc-light machines, giving a total illuminating capacity equivalent to 127,000 wax candles. The air compressors furnish power to operate all of the switches between Twelfth Street and the station, to work a line of automatic pneumatic block signals between Twelfth Street and the Pan Handle crossing, and to swing the drawbridge, and operate all the crossing gates within four miles of the terminal station.

The train shed, built of galvanized corrugated steel and ribbed glass, is in the form of a single arched span 140 feet wide and 560 feet long. The radius of the arch is $59\frac{1}{2}$ feet; clear span, 119 feet; and the roof projects $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet on either side. The roof is supported by 15 latticed steel arches placed at 40 feet centres, the ends resting on piers of masonry. The roof and the open sides and end of the shed with the louvers at the top, furnish good ventilation for the compartment. The entire floor is a lithogen pavement with platforms raised 10 inches above the rail. The six tracks inside the arches are laid in pairs between platforms 19 feet wide, each pair of tracks occupying a space 23 feet in width. An admirably devised water system permits a stream to be turned on any part of the floor space, either platform or tracks, the water escaping through numerous basins to a sewer below.

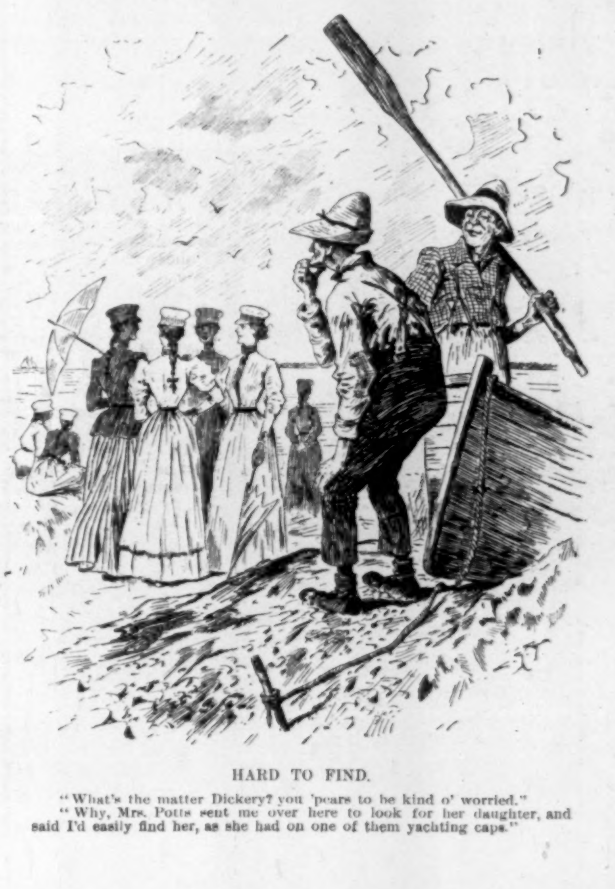
Through the centre of the shed runs a conduit for a steam-pipe to furnish heat to standing cars, and to carry a system of electric wires from all trains to the annunciator in the train-starter's office. The shed is lighted by sixty groups of incandescent electric lights placed at a height of 16 feet above the platform, and the end arches are furnished with a series of ninety 32-candle-power incandescent lights, while seven powerful arc lights placed high in the arches serve for general illumination.

There are eleven tracks in the passenger yard devoted to the handling of passenger, baggage, and express cars. To connect these tracks in such a way as to give a maximum efficiency within a given amount of space involved much time and study, including a careful examination of the best railway terminals in the United States. The switches between Twelfth Street and the train shed are operated by a pneumatic interlocking system, by means of which a man standing in the tower is enabled, by the handling of a series of small levers, to set any switch and to signal to the conductor of any train that the track is ready for his use. The special utility of the system lies in the fact that it is impossible to give a signal for a train to approach any switch point until the switch is in position and locked, and only when this is the case will the lever controlling the signal be unlocked, notifying the engineer to move ahead.

There will be introduced a novel device for handling the Chicago River drawbridge and the switch rails of its approaches. The bridge will be interlocked in the same manner as any switch, and it is so arranged that the derailing points on all the tracks approaching the bridge must be thrown before the bridge can be unlocked and swung to permit vessels to pass. After the bridge is swung back in place and locked, and the rails lowered into their slots, the derailing points can be closed, and trains permitted to pass over the bridge.

Upon the drawbridge will soon be put in operation an automatic pneumatic block-signalling system, to be worked from the station. In case of an open switch, a broken rail, or a car standing on a side track at less than clearance distance, the block shows both the signal and danger, rendering it impossible for an accident to occur. In case of failure of the apparatus in any of its parts the signal goes to danger at once automatically.

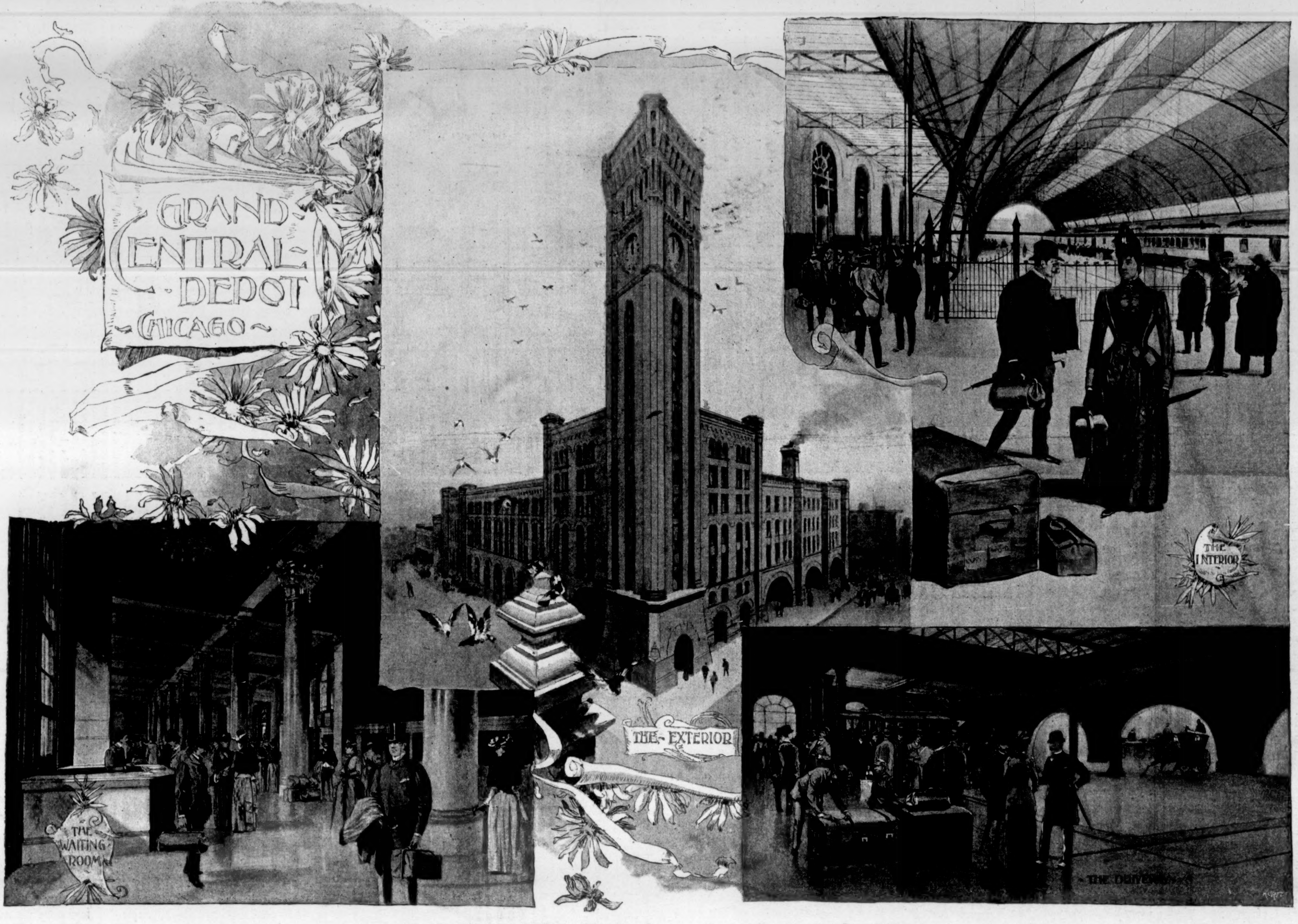
It is a general opinion among the experienced railroad men of the country that most railroad corporations have in the beginning made the mistake of not providing sufficient terminal facilities for their lines in anticipation of the future growth of the roads and the towns which they connect. An illustration of the advantages of a wise foresight in this direction is exhibited in the ample provision made for the Northern Pacific station grounds in St. Paul and Minneapolis, in which the good results of a sanguine and far-reaching forecast are now apparent. In his recent address at the opening of the Chicago Grand Central station, on December 8th last, Mr. Henry Villard predicted that five years hence the new station in Chicago will scarcely be spacious enough to meet the requirements of the enlarged traffic of the lines which centre at it.



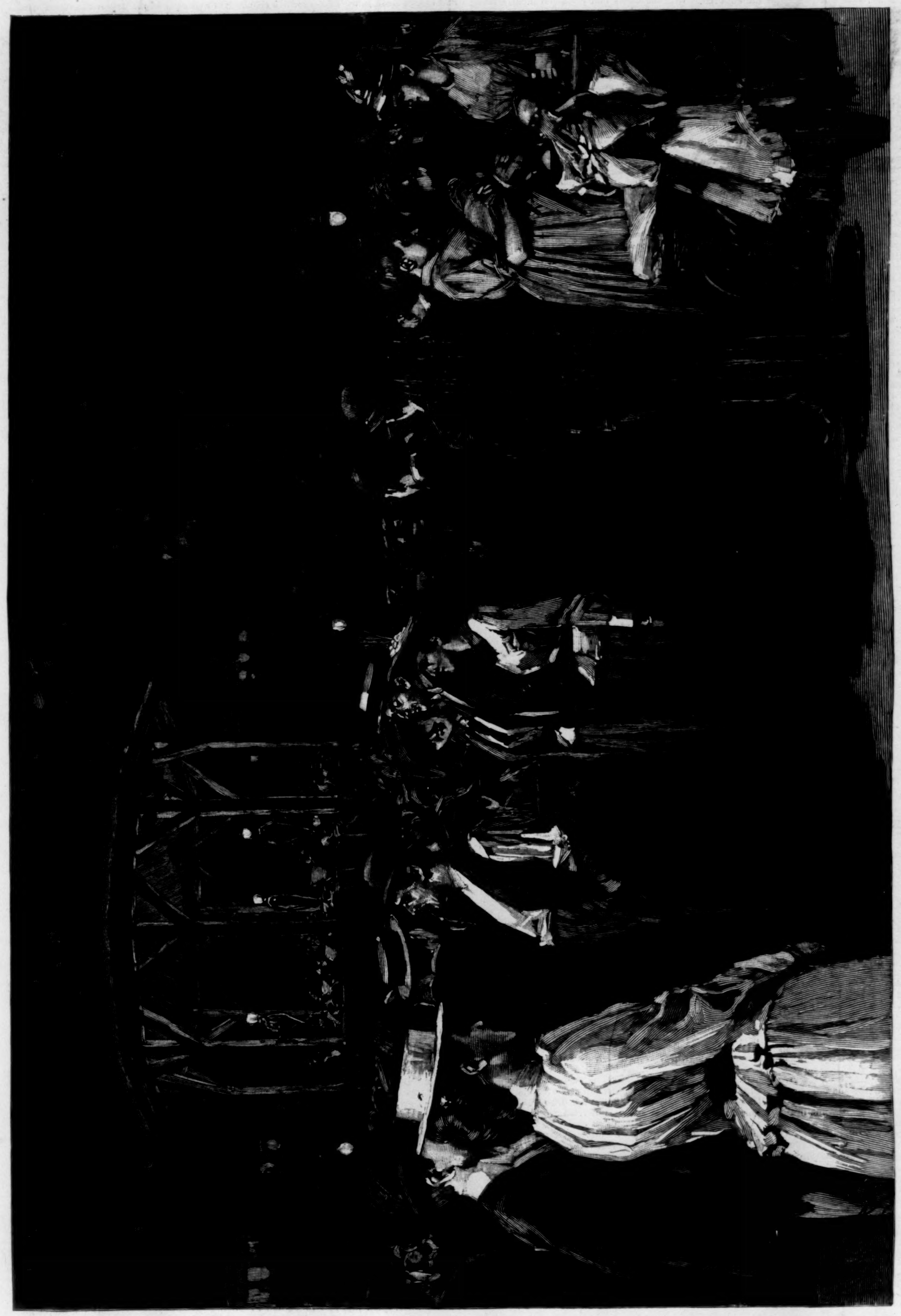
HARD TO FIND.

"What's the matter Dickery? you 'pears to be kind o' worried."

"Why, Mrs. Potts sent me over here to look for her daughter, and said I'd easily find her, as she had on one of them yachting caps."


GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT
CHICAGO
THE INTERIOR
THE EXTERIOR
THE WAITING ROOM
THE DRIVEWAY
KURTZ

GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 691.]



POPULAR CONCERT IN TOMPKINS SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 694.]

MUSIC IN TOMPKINS SQUARE.

THE road from the known world to Tompkins Square is through East Tenth Street. Taken after nightfall you pick your way carefully, so as not to step on the children. The children of the poor have their compensations. They do not have to go to bed at nightfall just when the world is growing interesting.

East Tenth Street when the lamps are lighted is a long play-ground. Here the casual stranger is as unceremoniously used as an ashbarrel in a game of "hide-and-seek," or a pivotal point at tag.

Multitudinous mothers sit on the door-steps swapping gossip and experiences, but ready for accident or affray. Barring the smells, the situation is ideal, and fruitful in joys and memories, such as the children of the rich, tucked away in cribs with the chickens, can never have.

The street is so crowded that it seems as if the music announced for Tompkins Square must be at the Battery or Mount Morris Park. But at the corner of Avenue A the view changes like a transformation scene. Weber's *Euryanthe* floats over long spaces of green shimmering in the electric lights. In the centre of the bear-pit, which was to have been a fountain, is the band stand in a blaze of light, surrounded by dense black rings. On approach, the outer ring resolves into a moving human stream. The most heaven-inspired music is, after all, only an accompaniment to the old story of men and maids. Round and round they circle, keeping step to Strauss and now to Waldteufel, but hearing only their own words. A circle set as palings on a fence is a row of young men with their backs to the music, and looking on the promenaders with envious eyes. Now and then a more audacious hand twitches the sleeve of a girl, and is rewarded with a saucy slap.

This living hedge must be passed to reach the seats. We are all ladies and gentlemen in Tompkins Square, and "make way for the ladies" gives instant access to the choking aisles. If the outer circle is movement, here is repose. Indeed, dozens of hard-worked men are asleep, heads on breasts. The tired mothers, who haven't taken time to roll down their sleeves, have their babies in their arms. The babies jump and crow, and beat time on the maternal heads; thus the mothers keep awake. The little children roam and climb among the seats. One impudent little maid weaves in and out the park policeman's legs like little trick-dogs at the circus. The policeman grins, and uses his programme like a billy to keep her from venturing too near the bear-pit's edge. The policemen, two in an aisle, are the ushers, and look out carefully for the ladies.

There is scarcely any talking in the seats. A comic fellow imitates Leiboldt, the conductor of the Twelfth Regiment band, then plays a mimic bass-viol, fiddles, toots a bit, and sings with the horns, taking chromatics with perfect ear. Then the cornet-player steps to the side, and a sigh of satisfaction heaves the vast bosom of the crowd. How happy are they whom he faces! How envious are they who can gaze only on the back of his proud uplifted head!

Keeping company with the rest of the band, he toys for a while with the wondrous thing, blowing now and then into its depths as if to test its capabilities and make sure it will convey him safely, for he means to go long and far. At last he has got a good ready, cuts loose from the band, and is off on an independent excursion. No, he comes back, but only to say howdye or good-by, as it were, or to get a pin or some such trifling thing. Now away he goes again, twittering, curveting up in the air with the birds, sliding down sunshiny snow peaks, picking his way over crevasses, running up and down golden ladders, picking up diamonds and other flashing things, sending off sky-rockets in mid-air, then running to see where the sticks fell—shouting, whispering, now leaping, and now on tiptoe. Was there ever such a cornet? The babies all stood up and forgot to beat time on their mothers' heads in gazing into its wonderful depths. Meanwhile the band sat waiting until the cornet-player got on to solid ground again, when they could all hop in, and earn some of the applause in a great blazen blast and neck-and-neck race to goal.

Then the applause descended, and the cornet played "Les Rameaux" so movingly that a lusty young blacksmith with a beautiful tatooed ornament on his arm bent forward, arms on knees and chin in hands, and drank it in in unspeaking delight. Perhaps he had heard the barytone in the parish church sing it on Palm Sunday, as barytones are apt to do. Who knows what word it had for him? Until now he had been fillipping paper balls, with the easy familiarity one takes with an aunt or good-natured sister-in-law, at a lady with a red face who had hurried from home without her collar. Now he took no notice of the lady and her party moving off with words of invitation and hints of beer.

It began to sprinkle. Two girls in front raised their umbrellas. Softly, without a word of reproach, he crept from under to a vacant front seat. He was coatless, hatless, and his shirt sleeves not yet down from his day's work. Leaning back with folded arms and legs outstretched, a kitten purring by the fire could give no more conclusive evidence of quiet delight. Curiously, looking over the crowded seats, the young men and boys seemed to enjoy the music most. Some had cleaned themselves up for the evening, but more had come as they left work. As fast as the front seats were emptied by the women afraid for their bonnets, they climbed over the backs and possessed them, settling down without talking. They only looked around when a man in the rear fell down in a fit, and the girls, frivolous and restless, pressed toward the crowd. The "Irish Patrol" set their feet moving vaguely, but bodies and brain lay steeping in sound.

There is always somebody, however, wanting to know something.

"Who is Tompkins, anyway?"

"Tompkins put up the prizes in Mike Smith's raffle. Mike's been sick five mont'. Were ye wantin' any gent to throw fur ye?"

"Is he Tompkins of Tompkins Square?"

"Oh, him! I never thought of him before. Patsy, who's Tompkins of the square?"

Nor did Patsy know, but he passed the word on, and, like a conundrum, it circulated through the seats, and set everybody guessing.

"I live here nineteen year," said a respectable German, "and nobody ever make inquire for Tompkins."

An Italian in a blue checked gingham coat ventured on it. "Tommakin! who ees Tommakin?"

"Tompkins with a *p*, Francesca da Rimini."

The pronunciation was very accurate for Tompkins Square.

"Why did you call him Francesca da Rimini?"

"I don't know; I learned it scene-shiftin'."

"Francesca is a girl's name."

"Is it, now? It's the only Eyetalian name I ever heard that had any backbone to it, and they give it to girls, and call the men Annies and Nellies. They're a green lot, them Eyetalians."

But no one, not even the neighboring park policeman, knew who Tompkins was, whose graceful hospitality we seemed to be enjoying. No matter if Tompkins as an individual is unknown, forgotten, Tompkins still lives a large, broad, generous, and outwardly beautiful life in Tompkins Square.

The baton went up for the last time followed by a triumphant crash of trumpets and drums. Then it fell, and, as if at a signal, the vast crowd melted away serenely, only one inharmonious word reaching the ear, and that might have been reasonably reminiscent of the broiling day.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

A PILGRIMAGE TO CONEY'S ISLE.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

IT was a hot day in August. Weary men halted in front of all the available thermometers, and sighed to find their estimate of the sun's power several degrees beyond that registered by the instrument. The north pole was out of the question, and the next best place suggested was that strip of sand lying off the Long Island coast known as Coney Island. The Pilgrims forthwith acted upon the suggestion.

The Bay held its powers to charm in the shape of an erratic zephyr which hovered above the waters; but when the Narrows were reached, great rollers tumbled in before a rousing wind from the southeast, and the heart of man was once more content. The wind might carry off the soft strains of "Comrades," as rendered by the Italian band, but it also bore away all the petty thoughts that were provoked by extra heat. It was cheering to find such unanimous good humor as prevailed among the boat passengers. Old and young, beautiful and ordinary, wore a continual smile in anticipation of delights to come. A portly priest was the embodiment of satisfaction, and yielding to the influence of harmony, beat time to profane music. Relief was granted to the weary Pilgrims, and by the time the pier was reached they were most anxious for amusement.

The West End of Coney Island is a most extraordinary jumble. With a few notable exceptions, the architecture is suggestive of a Western mining camp in its palmy days, with a most wonderful leaning toward the Moorish. Here and there, at all turns, are Alhambraic turrets and minarets, garish decorations and gilded domes, utterly at variance with all other styles. The Artist Pilgrim heaved a sigh as he came upon the main street, for his artistic soul was touched. The twain halted a moment to gain breath, for the place burst upon the travellers with a suddenness that was appalling. Conflicting strains of music came from everywhere, and found their common centre in their immediate vicinity. Stentorian voices of the street fakirs mingled with the hum of everybody and everything. Revolving swings and merry-go-rounds, shooting-galleries and concert halls, razzle-dazzles and switch-backs, toboggan-rollers and photographers, Frankfurters and pea-nuts, beer, music, noise — all these things combined and intensified made up the first glance at the West End.

"We will be one of the people to-day," said the Artist, when he recovered from the first shock, and the Other Pilgrim, meekly assenting, followed him into the roller-skating rink and donned the skates. Here the noises were two separate and distinct things —a brass band and the rumble of the skaters. A few rounds on the skates failed to renew the elasticity of youth, and the pair were glad to cease. Seeking the open air, and incidentally the noise again, the Pilgrims passed by a tempting sign of a "Labyrinth," the latter composed of wire netting run in all directions, which invited you to come in and lose yourself in the mazes for five cents. Neither did the razzle-dazzle tempt them. What a thing it was! A great circular frame with seats all around, to which you mounted by aid of outside steps, and then, when seated, the frame swung around and around, up first, then down, bringing into play all the sensations awakened by the tossing of a ship and not infrequently the dire results. This malignant invention the Artist passed hurriedly by, for the steamboat coming down had been enough for him, and he had already decided to return by rail. The merry-go-round that next burst upon the Pilgrims would have filled a student of natural history with envy —it would have suggested possible types of beasts, fish, and fowl that had been neglected by Nature. If Noah's arks would only take pattern after these revolving specimens, the joys of childhood would be increased tenfold.

"It has always been my desire to shoot at one of these things," remarked the Artist, as he stood before a shooting-gallery, "but I object to making myself appear foolish upon principle. I know I couldn't hit them." Lion, tiger, bear, and wolf appeared in rapid succession above a line, keeping up a continual round, while a series of crystal balls slid up and down narrow streams of water. They were very alluring to the would-be marksman, and just as elusive to the tiny bullet that generally tried to find them. A score of catchpenny contrivances lined the street—the one desire of the working population being to derive an income from the transient visitor.

"This race for wealth is very depressing," remarked the Other Pilgrim, as his eye took in the street.

"Very," agreed the Artist, as a pint of fresh pea-nuts was poured into his pocket. There was something exhilarating in the pilgrimage. The hot, dusty city was forgotten; the cares of life were laid aside. The Pilgrims were in search of pleasure, and soon wearied themselves in the not by any means hopeless search. For there was pleasure in watching the people and seeing the evident enjoyment depicted on their countenances. Down on the beach the surf rolled in and tumbled the bathers up and down. Stout men clung to the ropes, and sighed to see a slim maid dive head first into an incoming roller.

"There is nothing artificial in pleasure of this sort," remarked the Artist, as he dug holes in the sand and pointed his camera at two exceedingly stout females who had sat down not far away, and seemed to find it impossible to rise.

"No," said the Other Pilgrim, joining in the general laugh at two or three strangers who were thrown into each other's arms by the playful surf. The gilded attractions of the town seemed to be wholly apart from the beach and the sand heaps which everybody made.

Just outside the ropes a boat was anchored, and in the stern a large dog watched all the bathers — he was the only occupant of the boat, and seemed to appreciate the responsible position that he held, for he never looked aside. But again the glittering generalities of life lured the Pilgrims from the beach, and they came to the massive cow that is said to give anything, from cream to milk-punch. A renewed activity was noticeable among the sandwich and sausage men, for the sun gave indication of passing out of sight for a while, and these purveyors evidently looked for a hungry crowd.

"To be in with the people you must eat with them." remarked the Artist, halting before a sausage stand and investing in a lengthy Frankfurter hidden within the slices of a roll. It was quite the thing to do, for everybody seemed smitten with a sudden liking for sausages, and invested the casual nickel.

"What a place for the National Educator, who desires to instruct and raise people by the drama," mused the Other Pilgrim, as the glittering "stage attractions" (on paper) met the eyes of the tourists.

"True," assented the Artist; "what a place, indeed."

The drama at Coney Island has its degrees. Not what is called the "legitimate drama," perhaps, but the style that is known as "variety." Gilmore and Seidl lie to eastward, but they appeal alone to the ear. West Brighton is the haunt of song and dance, trapeze acting, and juggling. Of these there are all kinds—and they all appeal to the great American public because they are *free*. A man, guiltless of a coat, stands outside of many halls and thus presents the case: "Only respectable show on Coney Island. Only show patronized by the élite that come to Coney Island. Cost you nothing, gentlemen, cost you nothing. All free of charge. Ladies laugh, gentlemen laugh, children laugh. Step right in and take a seat."

"I can't resist such an appeal," laughed the Artist; "to do Coney Island thoroughly we must see these shows," and the Pilgrims entered and timidly took rear seats. A white-aproned waiter immediately desired to know what was wished. The wish was quickly supplied, and they were thenceforth privileged to devote their attention to the stage. A negro minstrel held the audience enthralled, until a tall female with an air of Lady Macbeth interrupted him and proceeded to engage his attention in a roaring farce. The Pilgrims sauntered forth again after heeding a placard which read, "Wait for Frank Bush." Here it might be stated that such was the tenor of a sign in nearly every hall that the Pilgrims visited, but never did they get a glimpse of the much-advertised artist. To and fro they went on their quest, darting suddenly into unlooked-for places, hurrying around corners, but to no avail. Mr. Bush was a thing of the future, and through the afternoon and evening, though a dozen or more signs waved defiance in their faces, the longing was unsatisfied.

"Why doesn't he come?" sighed the Artist, in sheer weariness of spirit. "I dare not expose my ignorance and ask," and the name haunted him at every turn, until it became a burden to the eye and a thorn in the flesh —but to-day the Pilgrims know not what detained Mr. Bush, or what he was expected to do after being waited for.

Another phase of the drama was the place where a "quartet" was composed of seven persons—five females in abbreviated skirts and two corked end-men. The "stage-manager," in civilized costume, sat on the stage and consulted with the singers in a stage-whisper as to what they knew and what they didn't know. And what impressed the Pilgrims was the fact that the musical education of the troupe had been neglected, for when three persons knew a song it was generally found that the others were not familiar with it, and never once was a song completed—the middle of the third verse was generally the fatal halting-place, and the *virtuoso* at the piano, in his shirt sleeves, had it all to himself. The audience sometimes lacked familiarity with the world theatrical, as was illustrated by the attempts of a youth of tender years to blow out the foot-lights. He effectually drowned the chorus when forcibly removed. There was a gentle hint conveyed to the audience at one hall, where a sign read, "He is here. Who? The waiter." And though the Pilgrims had evidence of that fact, yet they doubted a companion sign announcing a certain trio of sisters as "next." It was likened unto a Frank Bush snare, for the sign was tacked on the wall. Amid the singing and the dancing was ever heard the man outside inviting everybody to come in. But, as the Pilgrims discovered, there were degrees, and as the evening wore on, they wandered into a hall of extra dimensions, where the background of Niagara (on the stage) was hidden partly by a low terra-cotta building. There was really first-class "variety," and when two Japs appeared they were recognized as being above the ordinary. The climax was reached when the maiden, fair of feature, threw a mass of tangled papers into the air, which were converted in a twinkling into a series of small American flags reaching across the stage (and the band played "Hail, Columbia"). The girl made a pretty picture as she bowed to the awe-struck audience, and the artist was enraptured.

There is no doubt of the popularity of the drama by the sea. It is undoubtedly cheap, and it encompasseth many strange things, but as an educator it is unworthy of consideration. The exception that goes to prove each and all of these rules is not lacking, and the lesson that it teaches is love and kindness, so it is deserving to rank as an educator. The actors are not on speaking terms with any of their professional brethren, but they are neither proud nor uppish in their bearing. The Artist saw the sign from afar off, and hastened to pay his ten cents. The actors were lolling around the tent in various positions, and some, it is sad to say, were bound with ropes. Sullivan sat in the ring, and occasionally waved a gloved paw in the air in defiance to an unseen Kilrain, and the Learned Goose looked out from his wired prison with the air of a martyr. When the trainer came he was greeted with delight, and the Learned Goose came out and picked out any number desired, and told time by looking at a watch and indicating the hour and minute by picking up the different numbers that were scattered about. "Not such a goose as he looks," said the Artist, *sotto voce*. Sullivan and Kilrain had three rounds with soft gloves, and a battle royal it was! Once or twice they clinched, but as a rule they stood up and dealt blows at each other, taking care not to hit except in the face. When Kilrain was finally knocked clear over the ropes, Sullivan looked at his adversary with a professional pride, but embraced him fondly after the audience were gone. They were very happy and good-natured, but they were cats. The dogs, who contributed to a great part of the performance, would have won the heart of any one who was possessed of such an article. It was worth a dozen of the other shows to see these well-trained animals, and the Artist conceived such a violent admiration for them that it was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded to move on.

Many curious types were seen along the street; but as the Artist said, the place to study the people was in some concert-hall. Everybody went to the latter. Mothers with baskets and babies and whole hordes of youngsters would suddenly pounce upon and occupy a table in these halls, and while all the stage-business was carefully noted, a single glass of lemonade would circulate among half a dozen little mouths, which seemed always to be open.

Then a party of rough men would walk down near the front, and after ordering beer, indicate some particular girl on the stage whom they wished to treat. The beverages indulged in by all members was a species of pink lemonade or beer. Social conditions do not exist in this minor Arcadia; every man is as good as another, and what is more, the fact is generally recognized. Force is the potent factor, and leads one to believe in the survival, etc. The white-aproned waiters make a numerous class at Coney Island, and a formidable one too. They must be able to hold their own under all conditions, and carry out any threats they care to indulge in. They are the supreme powers—bearing themselves with an easy familiarity toward all patrons, and caring for no one. They are young and old, none beautiful except from a pugilistic stand-point. The Artist and the Other Pilgrim tried tipping these awful beings, more from a matter of habit than fear or reverence. Five cents was accepted with delight and surprise; ten cents regarded as a bribe for something that might be unfolded later, but accepted every time.

"Yous is gents," remarked one man, and was evidently so sincere that the Other Pilgrim did not like to hurt his feelings by firmly denying the allegation. One waiter forgot to collect for a cigar that was being smoked by the Other Pilgrim, and when reminded of the fact a pathetic expression illumined his countenance. "Dere ain't many such men on all de island," he exclaimed. "I never knowed it to happen once before." And when the Pilgrims went out of that place they were regarded as curiosities by the staring waiters near the door. Some of the waiters resembled ex-prize-fighters, others were like champions in embryo; but all were tamed, subdued, and rendered docile by the nickel gratuity.

"My brain is in a perfect whirl," sighed the Artist, as the Pilgrims started to return. "What do you recall as the prominent feature of the West End of Coney Island?"

The Other Pilgrim caressed an *Invincible* (purchased at Manhattan), and shook his head.

"The cigars," he said, "which are the worst in the world. I have waited all the afternoon and evening for a good smoke. I even begin to understand the counterblast of James I.—under some circumstances it might be forgiven," which was a great deal for the Other Pilgrim to say, for he was very much of a smoker.

THE WORDS UNSAID.

How full of yearning love and tenderness,
That spoken might have served to cheer and bless,
Now haunted with the grief of vague regrets,
Like faint sad tones when low winds sweep the frets
Of some old instrument, these words unsaid!
They come to us within the late wan night,
Like troubled spirits seeking out sweet rest;
And though we would admit them to our breast,
They fail to give us peace, as once they might.
The hearts they could have joyed have ceased to beat;
The ears are deaf, though wildly we entreat.
Oh, could they hear them now, the words unsaid!
One word were worth a thousand to the dead.

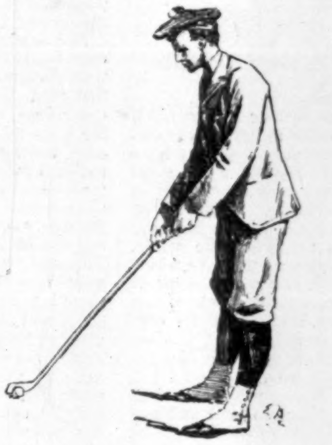
Henry Cleveland Wood.

THE ROYAL GAME OF GOLF.

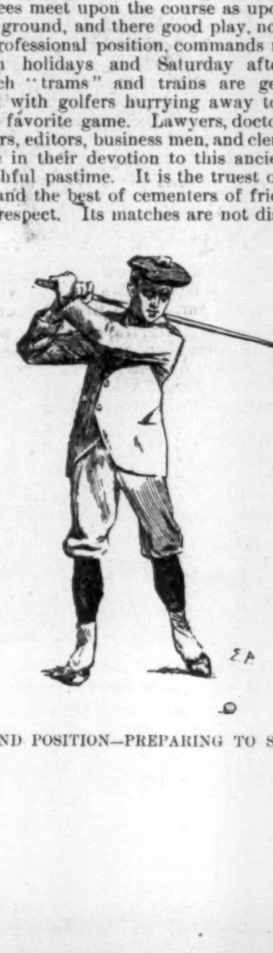
BY E. N. LAMONT.

There has always existed a want for some manly sport which could be indulged in by old and young—a game combining a little excitement and rivalry with the exercise needed to preserve health, which might act as an antidote to mental or emotional strain. Such a game has been known to and indulged in for centuries by the Scotch people, and is called golf or gowf. Its popularity has of late years become almost absurdly universal and intense, not only upon its native heath, but upon English ground. Golf clubs are not unknown in the United States, and the merits of the game require only to be better understood to be appreciated. Golf possesses extraordinary claims upon the respect if not regard of the people of the city and State of New York from the fact that it is of Dutch origin. The name is derived from the German "kolbe," a club, and the Dutch "kolf." In the year 1457 the game had become so popular in Scotland that the Parliament decreed against it. It was being practised to the neglect of archery, and must be stopped. During this and later centuries vast numbers of golf balls were imported from Holland into Scotland. The origin of golf, which has become by adoption *par excellence* a Scotch game, is unknown, but certain it is that it was played by the Dutch before it found its way "across the foam" to bonny Scotland. The Scotch kings were famous gowfers in their day and generation, albeit they passed acts for its suppression as standing in the way of more warlike accomplishments. James IV. and V. were golfers, and Mary Stuart hersel' was not too proud to take a club in her lovely hand and "ca' a ba'." James I. of England, the priggish monarch so graphically depicted by Scott in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, and the author of *The Counterblast against Tobacco*, and the unfortunate Charles I. were champion players.

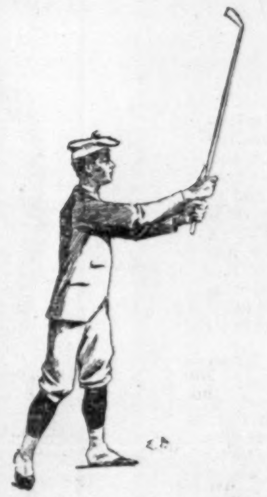
The principal objection which might be urged against the ancient and royal game is the difficulty of obtaining a course upon which to play it. A good stretch of undulating land is necessary. The ground best suited to it is a reach of undulating down country, such as is common on the seaboard, sandy in soil, and covered with a short crisp turf, occasionally broken by sand holes, or bunkers. These bunkers constitute the main hazards of the game. In laying out a golf course all that is required is the punching, at intervals of from 100 to 150 yards, of small holes, about 4 inches in diameter. The course may extend from a mile to a mile and a half. The game consists in driving a gutta-percha ball of about 1¾ ounces by means of a long club, fashioned for the purpose, from the "tee," or starting-point, to one of the holes, then to the next, and so on until the entire course has been gone over. Different clubs are used for different situations—such as putting when near a hole, or rescuing a ball from an awkward position in a bunker. The player who holes his ball in the smallest number of strokes wins the game. A good player will drive a ball as far as 180 yards, but skill in driving can only be acquired by practice. Putting is really the effort requiring the greatest skill. It is a curious fact connected with golf that the man who once masters the rudiments of the game, and who is able to play it even with a moderate degree of skill, is forever after its devoted slave. It is a game in which friendships are cemented by honest rivalry; in which, while enjoying the invigorating air and the stimulating excitement, a man forgets the amount of exercise he is taking. Two players generally start off together, although four make a more exciting game. One party of golfers follows another on the course, and the only possible danger to which a man is exposed consists in being hit by a ball. Warning is, however, invariably given before a shot is fired. The great beauty of the game consists in its adaptability to all ages. Old men are quite as enthusiastic golfers in Scotland as young ones. On the best-known links, or courses, men of seventy, and even eighty, take their rounds on favorable days as regularly as they eat their dinners. Young and middle-aged men of all degrees meet upon the course as upon common ground, and there good play, not social or professional position, commands respect. Upon holidays and Saturday afternoons Scotch "trams" and trains are generally filled with golfers hurrying away to enjoy their favorite game. Lawyers, doctors, professors, editors, business men, and clerks—all unite in their devotion to this ancient and healthful pastime. It is the truest of levellers and the best of cementers of friendship and respect. Its matches are not disgraced by gambling or by professional extortion. When prizes are played for, they are presented by clubs or private patrons, and are won by merit only. There are no professional players as such are known in connection with base-ball and cricket. The only persons who derive emolument from the game are the keepers of club-houses, the men who make the clubs, and the boys, or "caddies," who carry them during the progress of a match. The golfer's outfit may cost him perhaps $25, and his club dues, tips to caddies, and railway fares a trifle in the year; but the money is well spent, and is amply repaid by the health which he obtains, the pleasure he enjoys, and the congenial companionship which he is certain to fall in with.



FIRST POSITION—TO ADDRESS A BALL WHEN DRIVING.

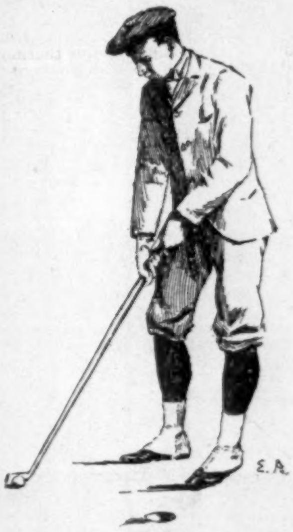


SECOND POSITION—PREPARING TO STRIKE.



THIRD POSITION—AFTER STRIKING.

Nor is the royal game confined to the sterner sex. Many ladies' clubs have been and are being formed across the water, and the fair players are becoming almost as enthusiastic as their husbands and brothers. The course for ladies is shorter than that for gentlemen, and the distance to be travelled over consequently less. In the olden times golfers wore red coats of the hunting variety while playing the game, now knickerbockers and short tweed coats are more *en règle*. The oldest club in England is that of Blackheath, said to have been founded in 1608; the most famous and important in the kingdom, that of St. Andrews in Scotland. The latter numbers among its members the cream of the nobility and gentry of the country. The game is now played in nearly all the British colonies, and is destined to obtain a foothold in the United States. A good eye and a steady hand are indispensable requirements in playing a good game, and these Americans possess to a marked degree. They cannot fail, when once it has taken root on our soil, to become expert players. Long Island is rich in courses which would take a golfer's fancy, and there is no reason why the game should not become popular at the various summer resorts along the coast.



"PUTTING" A BALL INTO A HOLE.

To the uninitiated golf talk is apt, of course, to become a little wearisome. The tendency which its votaries exhibit to introduce their favorite topic upon every occasion, and to insist upon their neighbors taking as deep an interest in its mysteries as they do themselves, is, to say the least, objectionable. Golfers resemble early risers in that they sometimes affect a superiority in manner and conversation which is not always pleasing to persons whose tastes lie in other directions. An evening spent in the company of confirmed golfers is not always a celestial experience to a man of quiet and unobtrusive tastes. In the course of conversation he learns that one man leads the field on driving, while another's putting is the wonder of all beholders. He listens to disquisitions upon cleeks, bunkers, tees, and caddies. His very natural inquiry as to whether the speaker refers to coal-bunkers or the ordinary tea-caddy of domestic use is met with looks of withering contempt. He is informed that he must learn the game, or be regarded by the world at large as a confirmed duffer. If he happens to be a corpulent person, whose pleasure is confined to a quiet walk or a rubber at whist, it is particularly aggravating to be told that men of seventy or eighty learn the game with ease, or to hear some noisy giant with muscles of iron offering to back his little boy, aged ten, to give him ever so many points and beat him. In the company of golfers it is out of the question to talk politics or literature or music or art. The conversation is certain to veer round somehow to the popular theme. Let the outsider venture a remark upon the latest political boom or the last new novel, he is instantly crushed by some champion at the other end of the table, who inquires, in his boisterous way, when that match is coming off between the "Babylons" and the "Sheepsheads." The non-golfer feels that he would like to club that man with a putt, or putt him with a club. To the outsider who finds himself dining in company with a golfing set, there are only three methods of escape—he must talk golf, preserve a dignified silence, or join the ladies. Even when the victim has sought the seclusion which a parlor grants, he is not unlikely to discover a young lady in the act of "addressing a ball" by means of a walking-stick, and demonstrating how she made "that last shot." The game has not taken quite such a hold upon the ladies as it has upon the men, but they are taking to it kindly. In nearly all places where golf is played the ladies have their clubs, and many of them have become expert players.

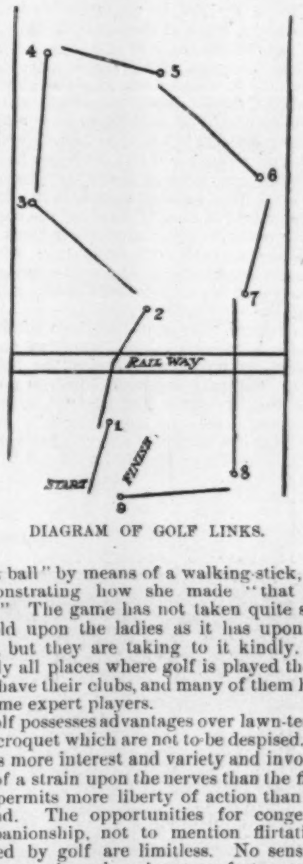


DIAGRAM OF GOLF LINKS.

Golf possesses advantages over lawn-tennis and croquet which are not to be despised. It offers more interest and variety and involves less of a strain upon the nerves than the first, and permits more liberty of action than the second. The opportunities for congenial companionship, not to mention flirtation, offered by golf are limitless. No sensible chaperon who values her poor feet cares to go trotting after a couple who seem to be following an innocent gutta-percha ball with clubs in their hands. Clubs in such a case may be safely trusted to capture hearts. Young couples, therefore, who desire to go off to a safe distance may do so without fear of capture under cover of this little game. There is a danger, of course, of a man's becoming a confirmed golfomaniac, the chief symptoms of the disease being a tendency to talk golf during sleep, to start in the middle watches of the night, and shout, "A cleek! a cleek! my kingdom for a cleek!" and to practise shots at unseasonable times and in unseemly places. Mr. Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, affords rather an interesting case in point. Before he took to golfing, Mr. Balfour was a retiring, kindly man, who would not harm a fly; now he appears to be afflicted with the delusion that every head in Ireland is a golf ball, and that it is his imperial mission to hit it. But there is little danger of our level-headed people catching the complaint. When they once become wedded to golf and its many fascinations, their only object will be to lick creation, and if they give their minds to it, they will do it.

The first move for establishing the game on this side has already been made, and at Southampton and Cedarhurst they are making the plays and mastering the mysteries with great success.

THE FORGOTTEN LOVE.

She said, "'Tis best that we forget;
'Tis best that life should part us two."
She said, "'Tis best!" Her eyes were wet.
She said, "I will not think of you."

He said: "'Tis easy to forget;
The years go fast. I fear not fate.
You will be glad," he said; and yet
They lingered, though the hour was late.

The years go fast, and day by day
And night by silent night these two
Still to their separate hearts must say
That they forget—nor find it true.

M. C. S.

MINISTER PATRICK EGAN.

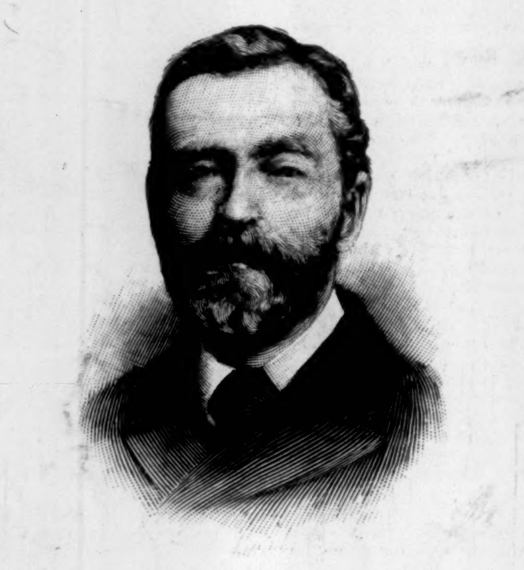
BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Patrick Egan is one of the links in the chain of ministers which the present administration has spread over the globe. A chain is only as strong as its weakest part, and this particular link of the chain rests on that far-away portion of the map marked Chili. It was so far away and so seemingly unimportant that it was possible for the government to believe that any ineligibility on the part of Patrick Egan as a minister would never be discovered. How was the administration to know that that particular part of this map was to become of world-wide moment by a civil war, and that Patrick Egan was to have greatness thrust upon him? As the Mikado says, "That is the pathetic part of it. How were you to know?"

Patrick Egan came to this country in 1883. Before that time he had attained much notoriety in Ireland as the Treasurer of the Land League, and though nothing was ever proved, serious charges were made against him, notably by Lady Florence Dixie, who claimed that there was a discrepancy in the funds of the Land League of £120,000. He took up his residence in this country in Nebraska, where he became conspicuous in Irish-American matters, and a year after his arrival came out in a letter advocating Blaine for the Presidency. He later worked for Mr. Blaine's election, and still later headed the Irish Blaine contingent, which supported Harrison after the withdrawal of Blaine's name for nomination.

On March 27, 1889, he was appointed minister to Chili by the President, Egan at that time having been a naturalized citizen but for the space of one year. Not only the press of Chili, but the press of Nebraska were indignant at the appointment. But Egan was received as minister, and had it not been for the late civil war might have ended his career as a minister without gaining further notoriety. He might even have avoided this had he maintained the neutrality incumbent on a minister. But at present he stands suspected at home, and openly accused in Chili, of close affiliation with Balmaceda; of joint interest with him in nitrate beds and railroad contracts; of having deceived the department at Washington as to the true state of affairs in Chili, and so causing the United States to side with Balmaceda, who represented despotism and unconstitutional misrule, and to snub the agents of the insurgents, who represented liberty and the rule of and by the people.

In the local papers of Santiago of June 8, 1891, Egan writes to Admiral McCann, who had been asked to serve with him as mediator between the insurgents and Balmaceda: "Me parece que el Gobierno no pude sir derrocado," or, in very plain English, "It seems to me that the Government cannot be overthrown." This official expression of opinion naturally ended Egan's usefulness as a mediator. Whether or not it should not as promptly end his career as a minister lies with the present administration to determine.



THE HON. PATRICK EGAN, MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO CHILI.

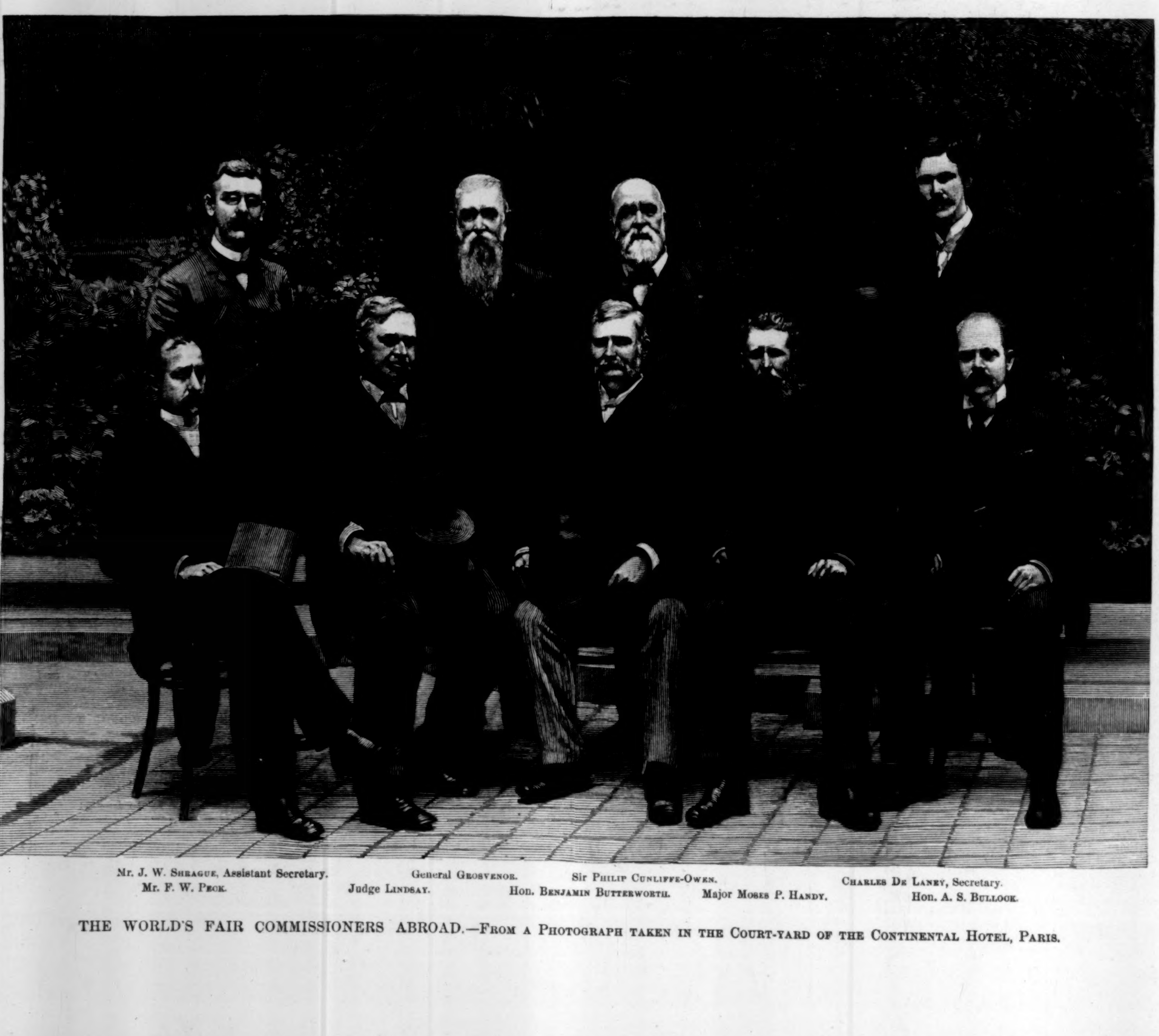
THE WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS ABROAD.

Since the World's Fair at Chicago became a recognized thing, the people at large have read daily reports of the difficulties encountered and the progress made, and they have looked forward with interest to the time when the great work will be complete, but rarely have they thought of or realized the immensity of the undertaking. They will go to Chicago in 1893, and see the exhibits of the world, never counting the steps that were taken to perfect the whole. The organization is like a huge and intricate machine, where cogs must fit and wheels run smooth, and not a screw or pin be loose. Committee within committee, each hydra-headed, must reach in all directions, each doing its own particular work, until the world is covered, and a miniature world centred in the Columbian Exposition. The detail is enormous, but the world must first learn of the plan and scope of the Fair before the detail is reached, and to this end commissioners were duly appointed to go forth and sow the seeds of interest abroad. The commissioners departed upon their mission early in the summer, and since then have been engaged in their good work. The heads of the various governments had first to be courted, and their recognition gained. Then municipal authorities were seen, and their favor asked for, and finally the trades, the representatives of trade, the individual merchants, and all persons who might be looked upon as exhibitors. Nor was this all; the Fair itself had to be advertised. One might think that in this day of ours, when the newspaper is the power, that such individual work was unnecessary, but, as every one knows, success is only secured by personal application.

The reports of the commissioners have been most sanguine. The first steps have been decidedly forward, and interest has been aroused in all the foreign governments. The commissioners have made favorable impressions upon the officials with whom they have come in contact, and incidentally have been dined and wined by societies and individuals. The men who make up the commission are of recognized ability, and many of them well-known at large. Major Handy has won his laurels in journalism, and Mr. Butterworth in politics. The London *World* remarks as follows, under the heading of "What the World Says":

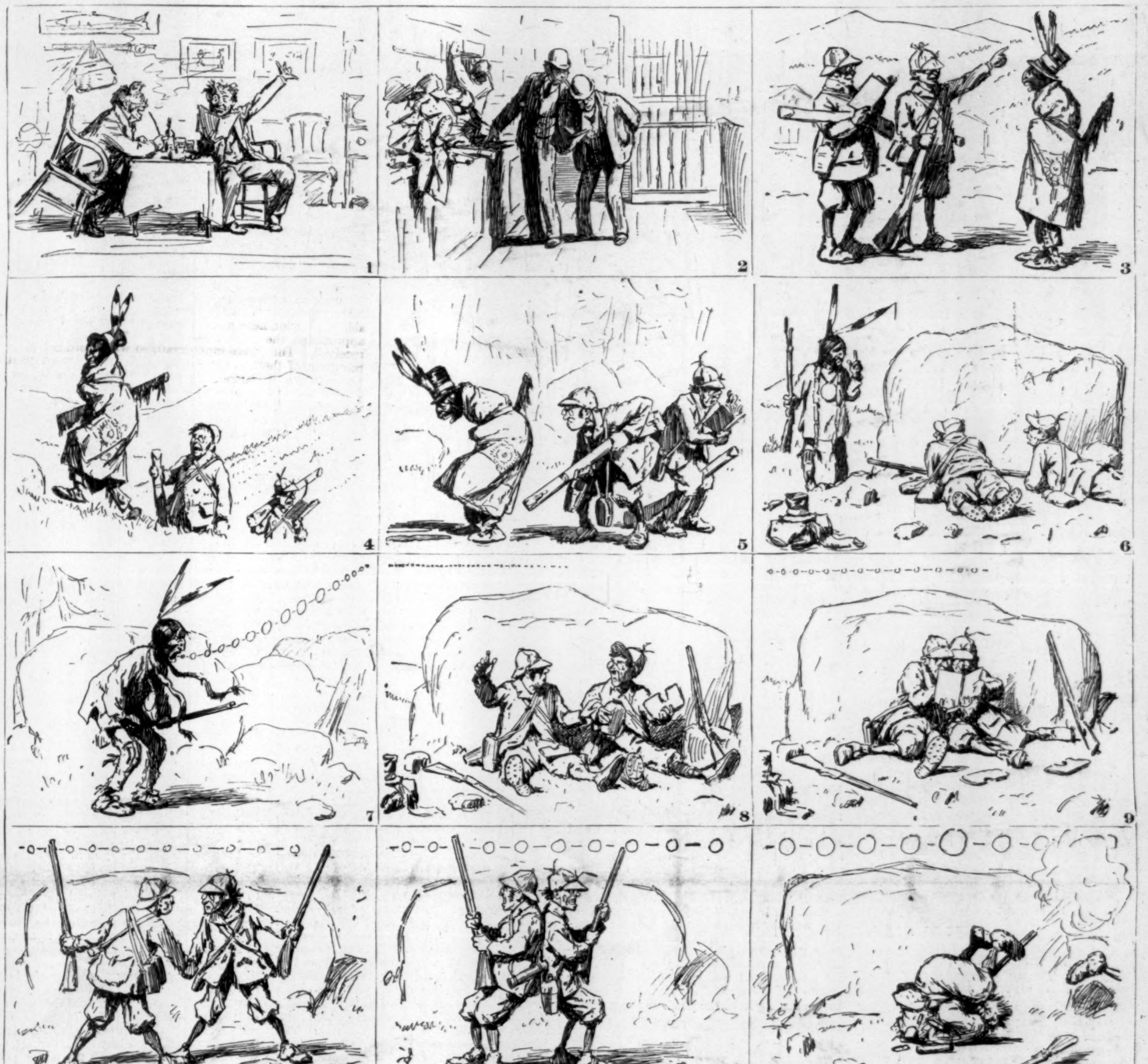
"The delegates from the executive of the Chicago Exhibition, who have come over with the intention of enlightening us as to the manner in which America proposes to celebrate her five-hundredth birthday, have made a very favorable impression here, and they also seem to have thoroughly appreciated the cordial manner in which they have been received. They were much gratified with Lord Salisbury's reception of them at the Foreign Office; they were greatly pleased with Sir Richard Webster's dinner at the House of Commons, and the opportunity it gave them of comparing the actual Balfour with the pictures of him produced for the American market; and they fully enjoyed Sir George Chubb's dinner and fireworks at the Naval Exhibition."

In a work of this kind the co-operation of men of experience is gladly received, and the commissioners in London were fortunate in interesting Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, who first made them welcome at a reception of the Chamber of Commerce, where the assistance of that body was promised. Sir Cunliffe-Owen is a man of great and valuable experience, having been actively connected with the greatest international exhibitions, and at present one of England's royal representatives to the Columbian Exposition. His kindly attention was of the greatest service to Chicago representatives. He was good enough to go to France with the commissioners, and his knowledge has furthered their workings greatly. From this instance it can be seen that the visit of the commissioners has been fruitful, and the tidings that come from them are very encouraging. The seeds of interest have been sown and taken root, and the daily growth is steady, and gives promise of great success in all branches of the Fair. Just at present it is impossible to say exactly what will be done by the foreign governments. England, France, Germany, Greece, Russia, and Spain are among the larger transatlantic countries that have officially accepted the invitation extended by the United States, and the friendly rivalry of the nations will enhance the beauties of the Exposition.



Mr. J. W. Shrague, Assistant Secretary. Mr. F. W. Peck. General Grosvenor. Judge Lindsay. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen. Hon. Benjamin Butterworth. Major Moses P. Handy. Charles De Laney, Secretary. Hon. A. S. Bullock.

THE WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS ABROAD.—From a Photograph taken in the Court-yard of the Continental Hotel, Paris.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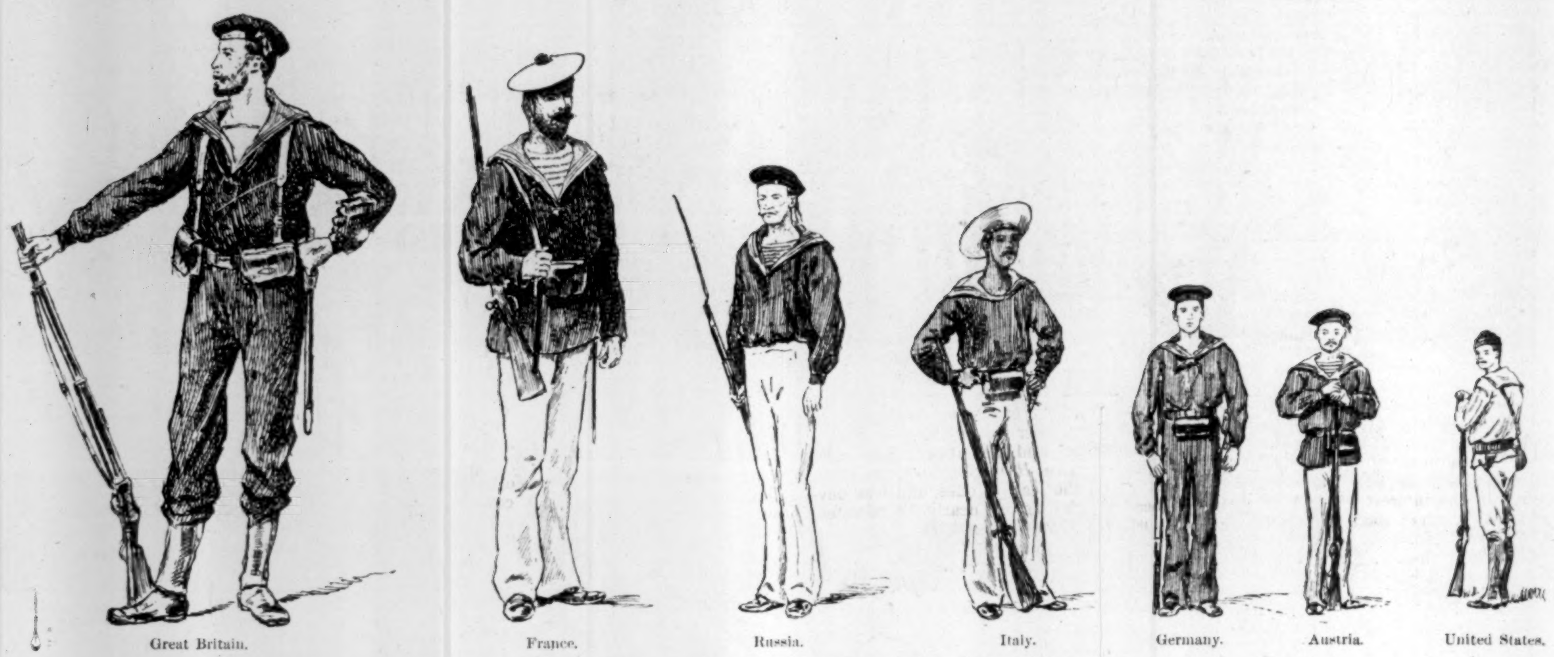
HOW TO HUNT THE GRIZZLY BY BOOK—A TALE WITHOUT WORDS.—By A. B. Frost.



WANTED, A FEW MORE SHIPS—RELATIVE SIZE OF THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

WHERE THE TROUT LIE.

LAST night it rained. Here on the bank
A splashing shower the willows throw
With every breeze; the grass, sprung rank,
Sparkles with drowning drops; I know
No fresher, brighter green can be
Than here, no such luxuriancy.

The stream flows fast, with clamorous sound,
O'er stepping-stones that towered dry
Last night; the sifting sun has found
Its pouring wavelets, through their sky
Of low-hung leaves, and flecks them bright
With shifting fragments of warm light.

My line is cast, but languidly.
The red-specked, wary creatures may
Hide them or curvet safe, for me.
I watch a squirrel scamper, play;
A woodchuck whistles—he that knows
Where the sweet clover blushing grows.

Yonder the bilberries swell red,
And blackberries are everywhere
Whitely abloom; and young ferns spread
The rain-wet earth. The day is rare,
And I could know no care nor ill
Here where the trout lie heedful, still.

EMMA A. OPPER.

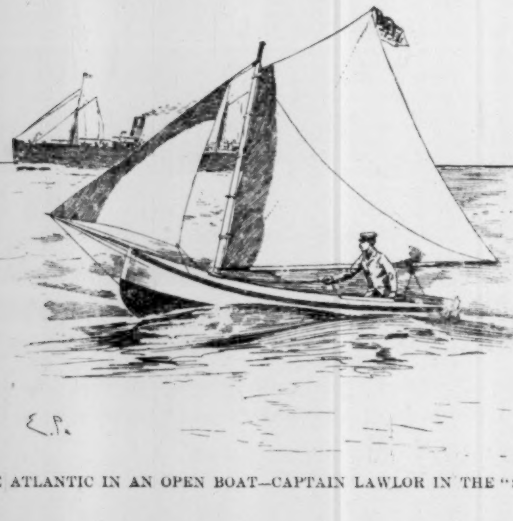
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN AN OPEN BOAT.

BRIDGE-JUMPING and parachute-tumbling are not edifying spectacles, nor are they attempted in the interests of science or practical morality. Fortunately the men who go into such things are not counted by the thousands, or even hundreds, and there is no likelihood of their attaining to the dignity or numbers of a profession. Crossing Niagara on a tight-rope may be a degree better, for practice and skill are here necessary, while the element of luck predominates in jumping from a bridge or dropping from the clouds with the aid of a parachute.

The natural instinct of man is to hold on to his life at all hazards, and there are generally ways of making a living other than risking that life in the attempt. Most people regard such exploits as savoring of bravado rather than courage, and the men thus gaining notoriety are to be placed on a par with the person who points an unloaded gun at his friends. It is tempting Providence, and exhibiting a most unchristian spirit. Men grow careless in the presence of continual danger, as is illustrated by the buzz-saw and the accidental explosions that deal destruction to those habitually engaged in handling explosives, so it may be that sailors grow familiar with the deep and scorn its power. At least that is the impression that one receives after reading about the journey of the *Sea-Serpent* and *Mermaid* across the Atlantic.

These names are suggestive of the ocean, and the originals are credited with all sorts of aquatic performances, but when small open boats adopt these titles and do wonderful things, it is worthy of record. The wonder lies in the fact that their respective captains still live. The two boats started from Boston, each bearing one man, on a race across the ocean for a silver cup and three thousand dollars. Two hours after starting the boats lost sight of each other, and neither was heard of until August 5th, when the *Sea-Serpent*, with Captain Lawlor on board, arrived at Coverack, near Lizard Point. The boat was jib and mainsail rig, fifteen feet long, and buoyed, fore and aft, with water-tight compartments.

Twice during the voyage she capsized, and was righted by Captain Lawlor clambering along the keel; and once a large shark attacked the boat and threatened to overturn it, until the skipper had to feed him a dynamite cartridge, which effectually disposed of any danger from that particular shark. Very bad weather was encountered, and Captain Lawlor reached England, as the despatches state, "in a greatly fatigued condition." The *Mermaid* was spoken some days later, and all was reported well by Captain Andrews; but to the *Sea-Serpent* belong all the emoluments arising from the perilous journey.



ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN AN OPEN BOAT—CAPTAIN LAWLOR IN THE "SEA-SERPENT."

AMATEVR · SPORT

LORD HAWKE, WHO IS TO BRING over a job-lot of English cricketers this month, is evidently experiencing some difficulty in persuading first-class amateurs to join his team on the proposed invasion. Englishmen are apparently too much absorbed in the task of choosing a representative team for Australia to give much time or thought to American conquest. We have so long been accustomed to seeing Australia monopolize the cream of the English talent that the neglect of our claims to consideration fails to cause that poignant grief which a slight from so great an opponent should unquestionably excite. Possibly it's because it's so very English, and we do dote so on anything animate or inanimate which bears the trade-mark of the British Isles.

SKIM-MILK APPEARS TO BE about the strength of diet our cricketers are believed able to digest, for from present indications his Lordship is likely to bring over a very second-rate lot of players, which, however, are regarded in England good enough, I hear, to "defeat the Yankees." Possibly they are, but if Philadelphia cricketers do not give these conceited Englishmen a good sound drubbing, it will be establishing an altogether new and distasteful precedent for America. It's dollars to doughnuts that we should not see English cricketers of any degree of ability over here this year were it not that they believe the American championship to be practically a gift to them. Englishmen have acquired from experience a very wholesome regard for us in all other branches of sport, but in cricket they fancy we are still toddling about in pinafores. It remains for us this time to awaken them to a proper understanding of the case, after which they will probably not send any teams at all, or ones equally expert, as those now seeking honors in Australia. I have a lurking suspicion that the American spirit will arise to the occasion, and send those Britishers home spanked, but wiser.

THE COMING CRICKET MATCH for the championship of the United States between Philadelphia and Chicago promises to be an extremely interesting event. The easy manner in which the Chicago cricketers disposed of the Germantown and Belmont elevens during their recent tours in the West has brought Chicago cricket out of its heretofore unknown state, and placed it in a very favorable light before the cricketers of this country. The Western players are reported to be in excellent form and brimful of confidence, while the Quakers are equally confident of their ability to maintain their long-established supremacy. It will not do to judge the Philadelphians entirely by their performances in the West, where they were undoubtedly handicapped by poor wickets, which is no slight disadvantage to cricketers who are accustomed to the perfect creases of Philadelphia.

THE COMING CONTEST will be fought under different conditions. The match will take place at Elmwood, the ground of the Belmont Cricket Club, which is famous for the excellence of its wickets; the club will have the considerable prestige of being at home, and the eleven representing the Quakers will be much stronger than the club elevens so easily defeated by the "All Chicago team." Under the circumstances I see no reason to change the prediction made in this column at the beginning of the season, though it would not be surprising if the Chicago men make a hard fight for victory. The courtesy of the Belmont Club in placing its grounds at the disposal of the Chicago cricketers, that they might become accustomed to the crease, may be cited as an instance of the unwillingness of the Philadelphians to take visitors at a disadvantage.

THE MEMBERS OF THE YALE foot-ball team have been notified by Captain McClung to report in New Haven September 17th. Think what a stew there would be if such a curtailment of vacation came from some member of the faculty instead of from the foot-ball captain! Truly, the captain of a team can reign more despotically than the president of the college. The failure of the Newport scheme for practice on the polo field was quite a disappointment to Captain McClung, as he had confidently expected to be able to secure an invitation from the Westchester Polo Club to use its grounds. The polo men, however, regard their land as more or less consecrated to the usages of their game, and though the two weeks during which the foot-ball players hoped to disport themselves on the field saw but three games of polo, no courtesies were extended the Yale men. It seems too bad, for the presence of a 'varsity eleven practising would have added to the attractions of Newport during the time when the tennis tournament had taken so many college men to the town. To say that practice of the eleven on the field would cut it up for polo is nonsense, and we are left to assume that the club did not care to extend the courtesy, which seems the more strange when it is remembered that at least two of its few members, Messrs. Taylor and Whitney, are Yale undergraduates.

MCCLUNG'S DISAPPOINTMENT IS KEENER, I fancy, than would be at first supposed, for his plan was excellent enough to make me think that Yale in him had added another "long-headed" captain to her list. On the face of it he only asked his men to go to Newport for a week's practice in August, but supposing he had succeeded in carrying out his scheme, it would have meant, as nearly as I can read the signs, two weeks at Newport and the balance of the time in New Haven. The men would certainly have willingly remained the second week at Newport, owing to the many attractions, and then would have hardly objected very strongly, after being well broken in, to spending the few remaining days of the vacation at light work in New Haven.

MOREOVER, NO TEAM would have had anything like the coaching that these men could have enjoyed at Newport, and this was one of the best features of McClung's little scheme. Bull, the best back and drop kicker Yale ever had, has a home at Newport, and was there, ready to coach upon the point which will be Yale's greatest weakness this year. Walter Camp was there from the middle of August; Bob Watson, the former Yale captain and half back, was there; as were also Lamb, Clark, and Hill, all members of former Yale teams, and any one of whom is a competent coach. To forego all these advantages must have been a bitter pill for McClung to swallow. There is one thing this shows at the outset, however, and that is that the man who planned so clever an arrangement to give a team not only a month's start, but under coaching unequalled, is quite competent to shape future questions of policy, etc.

APROPOS OF FOOT-BALL, I picked out a complete team from the men I saw one morning on the Casino grounds during the tennis tournament. Bud Appleton for centre rush, with Kent Hubbard and Ben Lamb for guards; George Clark and W. B. Hill for tackles, and Duncan Edwards and H. W. Slocum, Jun., ends; Hovey to play quarter, and feed the ball to Watson and Fearing, while Billy Bull stood back and dropped goals. It would not be an easy team to beat, either. Wesleyan's former foot-ball captain and half back, Slayback, upon whom Yale was rather counting to help out behind her line, is more likely, I learn, to be found playing back for the Crescents. Balliet, who did such excellent work for Lehigh in the centre of the line, and whom fraternal influences was to lead to Yale, has changed his mind. So fall a few of the castles in the air!

THE "MINEOLA-JESSICA" RACES have been sailed, and the former wins, though in the second race for the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club Cup the latter succeeded in getting first through time allowance. It will be remembered an attempt was made not long ago by the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club to sail its special 46-footer race on Long Island Sound, but owing to an incompetent regatta committee it was a fizzle. It was therefore decided to resail it, and the first race came off on August 18th. Only the *Mineola* and *Jessica* entered for the 20-mile run; a beat to the windward and return it proved. They got an even start, but the *Mineola* shortly took the lead, and steadily gained. She rounded the stake-boat (10 miles) 4 minutes 35 seconds before *Jessica*, and finally won by 14 minutes 20 seconds. On the second leg for the cups on August 19th the same two yachts entered, and the race resolved itself into a procession, though the *Mineola* did not get far enough ahead, and eventually lost to *Jessica* on her time allowance. The third leg was sailed during the cruise of the Eastern Yacht Club, and the *Beatrix* won.

THE EASTERN YACHT CLUB cruise ended last week at Bar Harbor, and in its way was considerable of a success. There is never on any of the cruises of the Eastern Club the same general club turning out, nor do they excite anything like the amount of racing interest. They are more pleasuring trips for a comparatively few jolly amateur tars who know one another, are on the best possible terms with themselves and the inhabitants of the ports they make, and simply go in for a good sail. Heretofore this has been done with total indifference to the outside world, but this year some cognizance was taken of the interest with which their friends follow them *en route*, and an innovation in the form of a tug containing timers and some press representatives was made. Light winds and a considerable amount of fog followed the boats a great deal oftener than was desirable, but all the ports were made, and some excellent sport was enjoyed. The fleet, though small, represented a few of the chosen, and the runs from port to port were very interesting. Among the schooners were *Volunteer*, *Sea Fox*, *Fortuna*, *Mayflower*, *Œnone*, *Peerless*, *Wanderer*, *Dauntless*, and *Priscilla*; and in the cutters and sloops class were *Sayonara*, *Wayward*, *Mystery*, *Alga*, *Chiquita*, *Thelma*, *Cinderella*, and *Gossoon*. On the entire run from Marblehead to Bar Harbor *Volunteer*, among the schooners, did the best work, and secured the first prize, $250; *Mayflower* won second, $150; and *Œnone* third, $50. Of the single-stickers *Cinderella* quite outdid the new 46-footer *Sayonara*, and won first prize, $250; while Mr. Thayer's boat secured second, $150; and *Gossoon* took third, $50.

THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB races off Marblehead for 46-footers must have proved very soothing to at least two Boston yachtsmen. In the first race, August 27th, held under the rather unsatisfactory conditions of a drizzling, foggy morning, with little or no wind, *Barbara* started off in the lead, and was handled so well that it was never taken from her, and she won handily by a full two minutes, with *Oweene*, *Beatrix*, *Alborak*, and *Mineola* following in the order named. In the second race, on the following day, *Alborak*, which had been again undergoing overhauling just previous to these races, crossed the line first, and held the lead until about three-quarters of the way to the first mark, when *Beatrix* passed her, and *Oweene* likewise caught up, and took second. Both *Barbara* and *Mineola* had in the mean time parted their bobstays, and both gave up in consequence, the latter at once. The order continued to the end, *Beatrix* beating *Oweene* two minutes, and *Alborak* about eight minutes. This was consolation number one. Consolation number two came the next day, when *Beatrix* again won, this time from *Alborak* by about twelve minutes, which in its turn beat *Oweene* twenty seconds. *Barbara* was still two minutes behind, and *Mineola* one minute slower.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN like oil on troubled waters for General Paine's 46-footer *Alborak* to defeat anything. For a time she and *Mineola* and *Oweene* were together, but although *Alborak's* tremendous club-topsail proved too much in a hard N.W. wind, and had to be taken in, she was able to leave the two as though they were anchored. The *Mineola* has not done herself justice in her work in Eastern waters.

THE RESULT OF THESE RACES puts *Beatrix* without much doubt in second place of this year's racing 46-footers. Though she has been beaten by the tail-enders of the class, her performances have not been quite so erratic as the others in the class, but at the same time she has not done anything to warrant the intense wave of admiration which is now and again wafted to us from Boston; neither has she demonstrated that the centre board, the fond relic of Boston loyalty, is the faster model. For my part, I can't make out that she has demonstrated anything especially, save the sportsmanship of her owner. She has unquestionably proved that she is not a rival of *Gloriana*, and if she should ever beat Mr. Morgan's remarkable boat, it would be by a fluke. Whether *Beatrix* will come over here for the final and deciding leg in the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club Cup races, to be sailed September 19th, no one knows; if she should, there is a good chance of her winning, though at the same time, according to past performances, she is just as likely to finish last. It is impossible to prognosticate in this class of yachts; no two performances are alike.

AND WHILE ON THE SUBJECT of yachts, and with the handsome triumphs of the *Gloriana* fresh in mind, why is not a conquest of Great Britain among the sportsman-like possibilities? There seems to be no prospect of a race for the *America's* Cup, and as English yachtsmen have sent boats over here repeatedly, it would not be an inopportune time for the *Gloriana* to try some of the English craft in their own waters. Aside from any other feature, the trip of itself, meeting a different class of boats under different conditions and in different waters, would be a liberal education in yachting. It is wholesome to rub shoulders with the world in every branch of sport, and no worthier or abler representative of American yachting could fly the Stars and Stripes abroad than E. D. Morgan and the *Gloriana*. We hope to have English oarsmen here next year or the one following. English cricketers are coming this fall. Why not an American invasion the coming season in yachting and polo?

"MARGUERITE" AND HER OWNER deserve a few words of commendation, even if it is late in the day, for the tip-top performances in the private match races sailed off Newport with the cutter *Huron* and schooner *Iroquois*, the former for a $250 cup and expenses of race, and the latter a $500 cup. In the race with *Huron*, on the 18th, *Marguerite* took the lead at once, and was never headed, winning by nearly 12 minutes. In justice it should be said that the *Huron* broke her spinnaker boom, and the repairs necessitated a 15-minute delay in getting it set, which didn't count for much, however, as she actually lost only 30 seconds on the run home. The race with *Iroquois* was more interesting and close. *Marguerite* was a good three lengths behind on rounding the stake-boat, but on the run home she gained, and finally won by about 2¼ minutes. A feature of the race was the fine display on the *Marguerite* in setting a new spinnaker. Just after the start her spinnaker split from top to bottom; it was taken in and another set in 2 minutes and 20 seconds—magnificent work.

AFTER STARTING OUT SO WELL round about New York, the polo week at Newport was considerable of a disappointment in one way, and yet of the three match games played, one was the most interesting exhibition of the year; I refer to the one on Friday, August 28th, between Foxhall Keene, Stevens, Mortimer, and W. K. Thorn and his novices, Whitney, Agassiz, and Baldwin. According to the official handicap, Keene's team should have allowed Thorn about 10 goals; this was waived, however, and the former gave the latter but three goals. After a hard-played game Thorn's side won by several goals, and created so great a surprise that the other side has not yet recovered from the consequent shock. Those who have been seeking for a solution of the problem whereby a team of comparative novices was able to defeat veterans may easily find it in a study of their team play. How often has it been set forth in this column that team play will always win over individual brilliancy! In no game does this pertain more certainly than polo. It was lack of team play that enabled the English team to defeat us years ago, and it would be because of the same failing if we were unable to hold our own now.

MR. THORN'S EXPERIENCE abroad and his well-grounded knowledge of polo have shown him the wisdom of teaching our players the team game. It was with this idea that he took those boys at Newport in hand, and that they should so brilliantly demonstrate the correctness of his theory is glory enough for him, and ought to prove a warning to our polo-players generally. If these boys, after a couple of seasons' work, can defeat such men as Keene, Stevens, and Mortimer, what would become of us if we met the hardened and experienced teams of England? Of the other matches of the Newport season the one between the boys C. C. Baldwin, H. P. Whitney, Moses Taylor, and W. K. Thorn, and the Country Club of Westchester was the best. It was a lively game, but the team play of Newport was too much for the Country Club men, notwithstanding their superior ponies. E. C. Potter played a rattling game, and Havemeyer filled his portion well and hit strong. Bates did not do so well as earlier in the season, and Reynal showed lack of practice naturally, though putting up a fair game. On the other side, Whitney and Baldwin did great work; in fact, all the team did well, but the first-named especially showed that he has the making of a star player.

BEFORE THE LAWN-TENNIS season has entirely passed away, what more interesting match could be suggested than one between R. D. Sears and O. S. Campbell. While it is the general opinion that the former would win, I know that there are a number of expert players who think otherwise. Some years ago it was the custom to arrange a match annually between Sears and Pettitt, the professional, after the former had won the championship. Now that Campbell has succeeded in defending his title, an effort should certainly be made to bring him and Sears together. Early in the summer I understood that Campbell was not only willing but anxious to play, while P. S. Sears was reported to have said at Westchester, during the progress of the tournament there, that his brother could give Campbell half-fifteen and a beating. Let us have the match, and decide the interesting question. There are several clubs that would be glad to get the match. Why not Lenox, which is just now beginning its season?

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to praise good work, and while yachting and lawn-tennis have used up all our space in the last few weeks, a mental note was made of the very excellent performance of the New York Athletic Club's eight-oared crew at Washington. To have won the championship in a national regatta against all comers, which included crews that have been rowing successfully for years, especially the Atalantas, heretofore considered the most powerful crew outside of the colleges, is glory enough in one year for so young a crew, and the wisdom of its going out of training is of a high order. The fatal mistake so many athletes make in working themselves down to a shadow once they have sipped of victory is not to be repeated here, evidently. The crew proved at Washington that it was well trained, and it now shows it is equally as well advised.

IT IS NOT THE CREW'S PROWESS, however, so much as its make-up which appeals to me. I congratulate the New York Athletic Club on maintaining what I consider an amateur crew pure and simple; no one of these eight men is supported by the club one way or another, so long as the law is evaded, because of his athletic ability. They row for the sport of it, and not because their club makes it an "object" for them to do so. What a pleasure it is to express such sentiments, and how much I wish it were never necessary for me to write differently!

THE REJECTION OF HAWKINS'S (M. A. C.) entry at the National Regatta was an exhibition of arbitrary ruling such as the Amateur Athletic Union exhibited in its treatment of the Ford case, and will undoubtedly end the same way. No athletic or aquatic association has the right to refuse under such circumstances an entry to compete in a championship meeting. The A. A. U. was compelled to make such a rule, and the National Rowing Association must do likewise. The reason given for rejecting Hawkins's entry was that the committee "believed he was neglecting his business." The boy has no business; he is a farmer's lad, twenty-one years old, and lives on the family homestead, where he aids his father. If he has done anything to warrant his disqualification he should receive his punishment, but not until his offence has been proven. To have rejected his entry at the last hour, when the committee had ten days to look into his amateur status, was entirely wrong. He should have been permitted to compete under protest.

IF THERE ARE DEGREES of sadness when one's heartstrings have been wrung mercilessly, then the drowning of Herbert Mapes has reached the very last. From an eye-witness I learn that the poor boy was not out beyond the breakers when he sank, as we had all supposed, but that he was actually not over his head, and about him, within a radius of fifty feet, were several other bathers. He was seen swimming about, and suddenly, without uttering a single cry, he disappeared, and never came up again. Within two minutes several were on the spot where he had gone down, but the undertow had carried him beyond reach, and his body was not found for two days, and then ten miles from where he had lost his life. That this boy went down without a warning shout or a struggle, when within easy reach were those who loved him well, and would have risked their lives to save his, adds bitterness that were well spared. One of the dear boy's companions tells me that Herbert, naturally careful, had been extremely so whenever he went in bathing, and it is believed that heart failure, sudden and swift, was the cause of his sudden disappearance.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY SURVEY.

BY ALFRED BRUNOT SCHANZ.

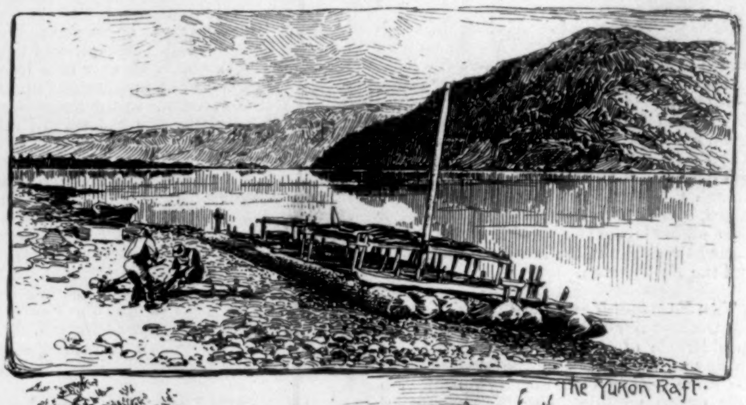
THE return to San Francisco is announced of the two parties of surveyors which were sent out in the spring of 1889 by the government to determine the boundary line between Alaska and British America. This work was necessitated by a treaty stipulation requiring each of the two governments to make an astronomical determination of the 141st meridian of longitude, which imaginary line forms the eastern boundary of Alaska and the western of the British Northwest Territory. The Natural History Survey of Canada and the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey respectively were instructed accordingly to make such a determination. It was not looked upon as essential to fix the 141st meridian except where it crosses the great waterways, inasmuch as the rest of the territory is a dense uninhabited wilderness, in which there will be no dispute over boundaries for some generations to come. The two waterways which flow from British America into United States territory are the Yukon and its great tributary, the Porcupine, the former of which is the established means of communication with the southeast, while the latter is the direct road to Alaska from the valley of the Mackenzie. The Canadians were the first in the field, and completed the work in one summer, the chiefs of the parties being the geologist George M. Dawson, now Canadian Seal Commissioner, and the surveyor J. V. Ogilvie. The results of their work showed the importance of the survey, for on both the Yukon and the Porcupine the crossing of the boundary meridian was found to be at least thirty-five miles from the truth. On the Porcupine the true boundary extended thirty-five miles to the eastward of the one formerly adopted, thus adding so much to Alaska; while on the Yukon the boundary is about the same distance westward of the former position, and transfers several posts to British America. The Canadian surveyors have rendered their report, and the latter has been published. Officially, the United States government has no knowledge of the results achieved by its own parties, and in consequence we have the anomaly of a United States post-office in Canadian territory. In the summer of 1890 the appointment as postmaster reached "Jack" McQuestion, trader at Forty-mile Creek. This trading post, however, is in British territory, thirty miles east of the boundary.

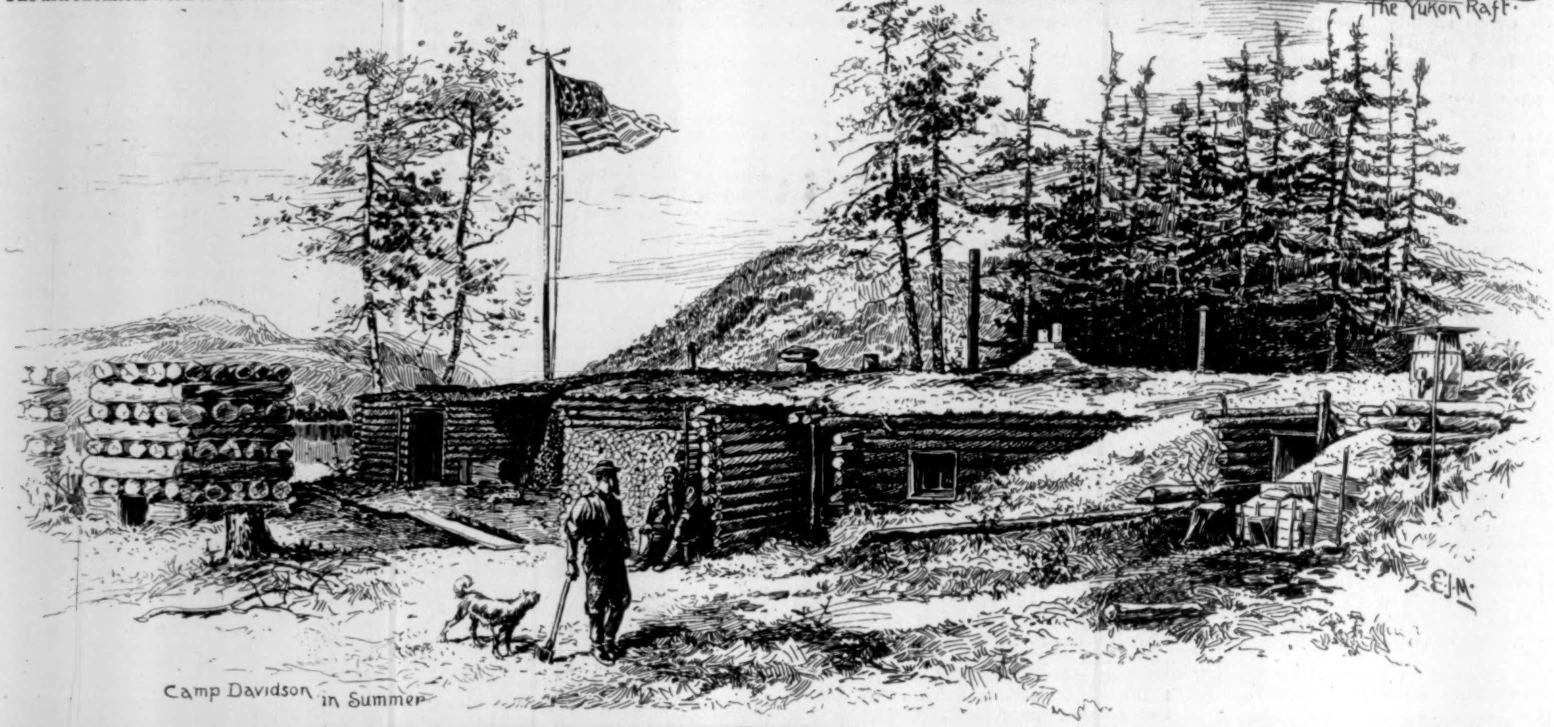
While travelling through the interior of Alaska last year I enjoyed a pleasant visit at the camp of the Yukon River party of the boundary survey, and later in the year this agreeable circumstance was supplemented by my meeting with the Porcupine River party, which had completed its work. In view of these facts, a general sketch of the experiences of the parties, as well as their mode of life in the wilderness as I observed it, may not be without interest.

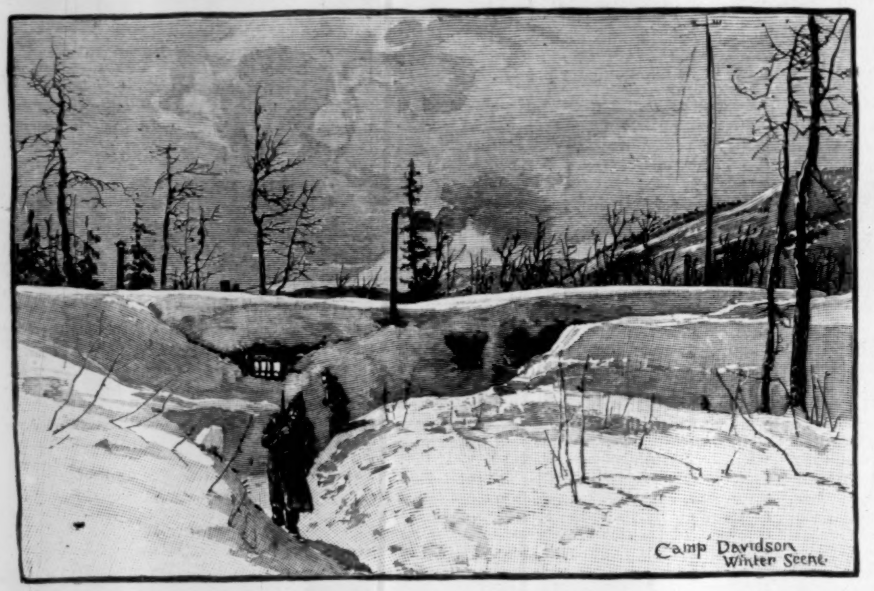
Each of the two divisions of the expedition consisted of ten men—two scientifically trained surveyors, one surgeon, a cook, and six chainmen and helpers. Though they left San Francisco on the same vessel, they were entirely independent of each other in their organization. The Yukon River party was officered by Sub-Assistant John E. McGrath, Computer Walter W. Davis, and Surgeon W. C. Kingsbury, the officers of the Porcupine branch being Sub-Assistant J. H. Turner, Computer Edmunds, and Surgeon H. N. Kierulff. The entire expedition, with its instruments, provisions, and winter supplies, left San Francisco in June, 1889, on one of the Alaska Commercial Company's vessels, for the harbor of St. Michael, on Bering Sea, near the mouth of the Yukon, and arrived there early in July. The outfit was then transferred to several large lighters, and these were taken in tow by the little flat-bottomed stern-wheeler *Yukon*, which was about to make its annual trip up the majestic boreal stream. It was a very comfortable way of getting into the interior, and the members of the parties were treated at their ease to a wealth of natural beauty as remarkable for its intensity as for its unique character. After crossing the Yukon delta—the world's breeding-ground of ducks and geese, where frequently in the late summer the sun is obscured by clouds of toothsome aquatic birds—they were with difficulty hauled up the Lower Rapids, and then entered the sombre and mysterious gloom of the cañon-like Lower Ramparts, with its multiple echoes. The grotesque forms of enormous castellated rocks marked their exit into the Yukon Flats, where the great river enters the arctic zone, and by virtue of its receiving the waters of the giant tributary, the Porcupine attains the enormous width of about thirty miles. Frequently along the route the solitude of nature presented to the enraptured eyes of the visitors some of its children—a bear cub, perhaps, on his first salmon hunt, or a shovel-antlered moose quenching his thirst with fresh ice-water from the glaciers. The travellers were also just in season for that "midnight sun" over which poets have raved. As the *Yukon* slowly puffed its arduous course into the arctic zone, the days more and more crowded the nights, until at "the Flats" the sun celebrated its victory by staying up all night.

Here, where the Yukon and Porcupine join forces, the forces of the expedition were divided. On the peninsula formed by the confluence is the site of the old Hudson Bay trading post Fort Yukon, which was continuously maintained until 1869, when the Hudson Bay Company was expelled by the United States government as represented by Captain Charles W. Raymond, Corps of Engineers, United States army, he having ascertained by astronomical observations that the post was situated to the west of the 141st meridian. The fort was afterward abandoned and allowed to go to ruin. When last year I visited the spot where it had stood, I found naught beyond an ash heap, with the remains of the mud chimneys a mournful monument to former glory. Nature had in charity hidden the surroundings of these melancholy remains under a perfect tangle of sweet-scented wild roses.

The McGrath division disembarked at this place and went into camp, while the *Yukon* proceeded northeastward on the Porcupine with Turner's surveyors, whom the little puffy steamer deposited safely at Rampart House, another Hudson Bay Company's post, which, this time at the hands of Mr. Turner, was to share with Fort Yukon the fate of expulsion from United States territory. The steamer returned to Fort Yukon, where McGrath's crew had amused themselves with field practice, as well as with the patient search after mementos in the ashes of the fort that had been destroyed. The lighter's tow-line was again picked up by the *Yukon*, and the second division was eventually put ashore early in August at a point on the Yukon three miles east of the 141st meridian. The steamer tooted a farewell in its thin treble, and the surveyors were


The Yukon Raft.





THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY SURVEY.—Drawn by E. J. Meeker from Photographs.

alone with the wilderness. Each party was now about 1400 miles from Bering Sea.

With promptness the crews of the parties at once set to work on living-quarters, which would afford sufficient shelter later on against the extreme cold which was to be expected. The buildings were constructed of logs in the conventional pioneer style of architecture, Mr. McGrath's division having a nucleus in the two small log houses put up by Ogilvie the season before. After each party had taken up housekeeping in good order, the attention of the crews was directed to the construction of proper buildings as observatories, until eventually the Stars and Stripes floated gracefully on the arctic breeze over two groups of quite comfortable-looking buildings—at Camp Colonna on the Porcupine, and Camp Davidson on the Yukon. The astronomical work in the mean time was not neglected, and all was as agreeable as it well could be toward the fall of the year, when, suddenly, Indian canoe-men and runners brought the news up the river from the sea that the river steamer *Arctic* had been wrecked, and most of its cargo lost. This rendered it impossible for another steamer to reach the camps, and inasmuch as the greater part of the winter supplies had been left at St. Michaels to be sent up, the mishap left the surveyors with scanty food for the winter. At the trading-post of Forty-mile Creek, thirty-five miles above Camp Davidson, the gold-miners from the placer diggings were left in even worse condition, and a tremendous stampede ensued down the river. The miners went down in open boats, canoes, rafts, lighters—in fact, every variety of available craft. In the mean time the traders at St. Michaels had managed to get some of the surveyors' supplies up the Yukon as far as the "Shaman's" village, an Indian camp 400 miles below Camp Davidson, and, in order to reduce the consuming power of his party, Mr. McGrath sent two of his men—James French and James McLarty—down the river to winter at the "Shaman's." At camps Colonna and Davidson strenuous efforts were now made to obtain supplies, and were successful, both parties receiving from the natives and the trading-posts acceptable assistance throughout the winter in the form of reindeer meat and Swedish turnips.

French and McLarty lived through the winter at the Shaman's on the luxuries of civilization, but were continually worried about their less-fortunate colleagues up the river. Eventually, in February, 1890, their consciences troubled them to such an extent that the two men undertook the heroic and previously unheard-of task of taking two hand-sleds with provisions 400 miles up the river, double portages making the real distance to be travelled at least 900 miles. It is true they had three dogs to assist them in the transportation, but the animals had been half starved by the Indians and were of little use. On February 20th the two men started, accompanied by three Indians. The latter deserted before the end of the first day on account of the extreme cold. The difficulties and dangers encountered by the two brave men caused such losses of time and provisions that toward the end of the trip they themselves had no food except flour. This the dogs could not eat, and the men cut off their very boot tops to keep the animals from starving. Late in April the ice grew soft and mushy, and water appeared all over it, making walking extremely difficult. The heroic couple finally rounded Boundary Bend on May 2d, having experienced seventy days of struggle. Even now, they brought five sacks of flour into Camp Davidson, and had the satisfaction of seeing their companions gorge themselves with bread. The next day, May 3d, the ice ran out of the Yukon. A day sooner would have doomed the two men to certain death.

During the winter Mr. McGrath and Mr. Turner had by no means been idle. The former was unable, on account of the continuous cloudy weather, to obtain such observations as were essential, but in March took his whole party, with dogs and sleds, and chained from the camp to Forty-mile Creek, and some distance up that stream. Mr. Turner was more fortunate, for he obtained at Camp Colonna eighteen observations of star culminations. His determination of the boundary meridian showed that Rampart House was thirty-five miles westward of the line, therefore on United States territory. The post was accordingly moved to the eastward that distance, the log houses being taken down, made into rafts, towed up the Porcupine, and reconstructed. Late in April, 1890, Mr. Turner, with three Indians and a white fur-trader, made a sledding trip from Camp Colonna to the Arctic Ocean, and made an approximation of Demarkation Point, the boundary on the icy sea. In July of last year the Turner party, having completed its boundary work, evacuated Camp Colonna, and descended the Porcupine in boats, making a running survey of the river at the same time. The resulting map showed the former plotting of the Hudson Bay Company's charts to be reasonably accurate in longitudes, but marred by a constant error in latitudes.

I reached Camp Davidson on a raft June 22, 1890, after a voyage of 700 miles down the Yukon, and was received by Mr. McGrath and his party with the greatest cordiality. The camp then consisted of the main living-quarters, the magnetic observatory, the transit house, vertical-circle house, and a store-house for fish. The crew were engaged in seine-fishing, and game during my visit was plentiful. The surroundings of the camp were charming, the vegetation being of tropical density, as the illustration depicting the magnetic observatory (from a photograph) plainly shows. Under the circumstances the surgeon had very little call for his services, and the members of the party seemed very comfortable, though they looked like pirates. The officers' quarters, where I was entertained, were not only acceptable, but were even cozy and attractive, as a picture by Dr. Kingsbury may testify.

Mr. McGrath having decided to remain at Camp Davidson another year to try again to obtain the requisite observations, I took my departure from the camp in August, accompanied by James A. French, one of the heroes of the relief trip described above. After descending the Yukon in an open boat, we found at St. Michaels Mr. Turner and his party, and heard to our dismay that the revenue-cutter *Bear*, on which we all had hoped to obtain transportation, had already left. The surveyors decided to remain at Fort St. Michaels until this summer, while I decided to make an effort to get out of the country. I accordingly made a trip southward 700 miles in a skin canoe, crossed the Aliashka Peninsula in the winter, and reached civilization early this spring. I have now heard, to my great joy, that my dear friends Turner and McGrath and their brave companions have safely returned to the United States. They reached San Francisco August 11th on the Alaska Commercial Company's steamship *St. Paul*.

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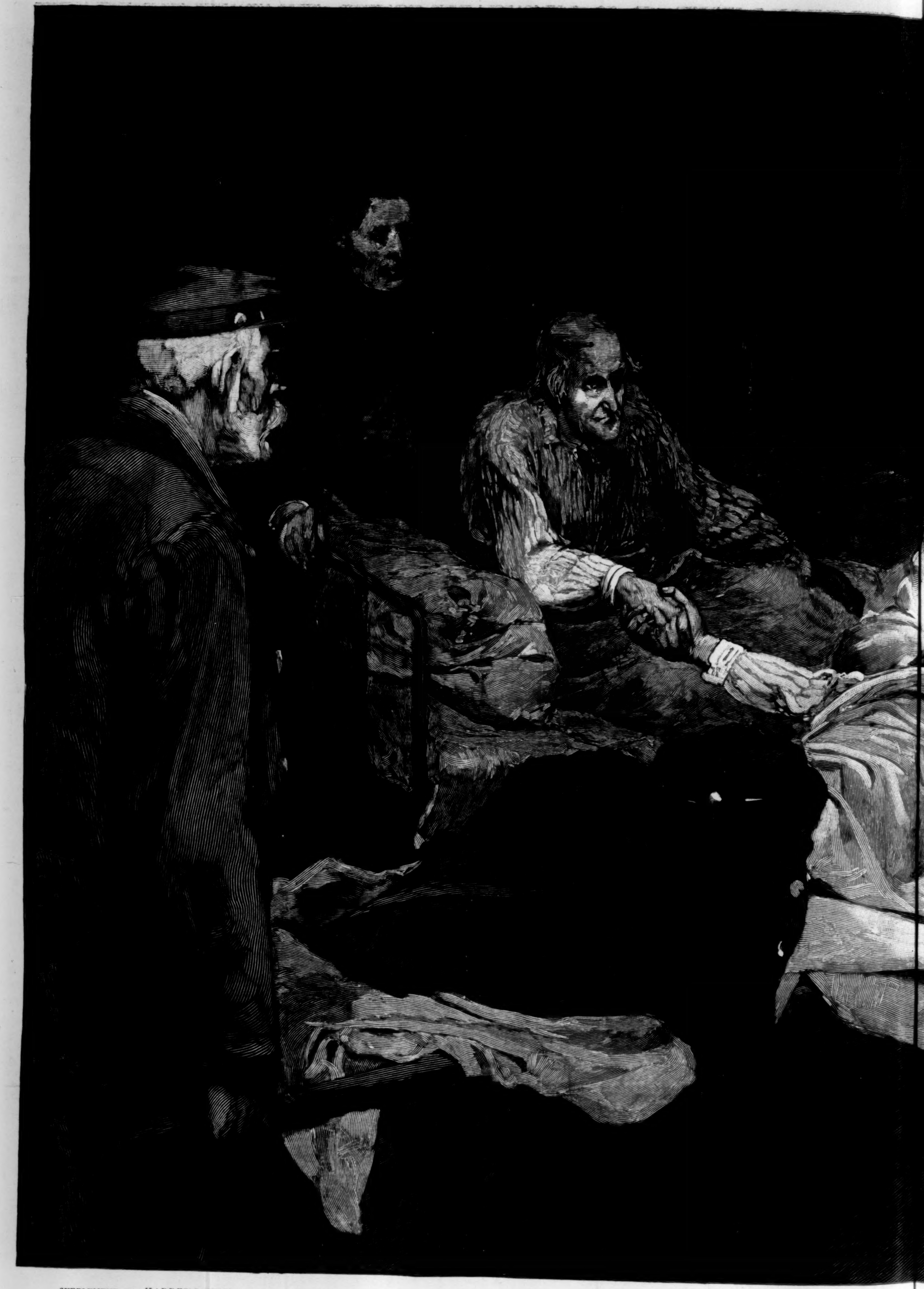

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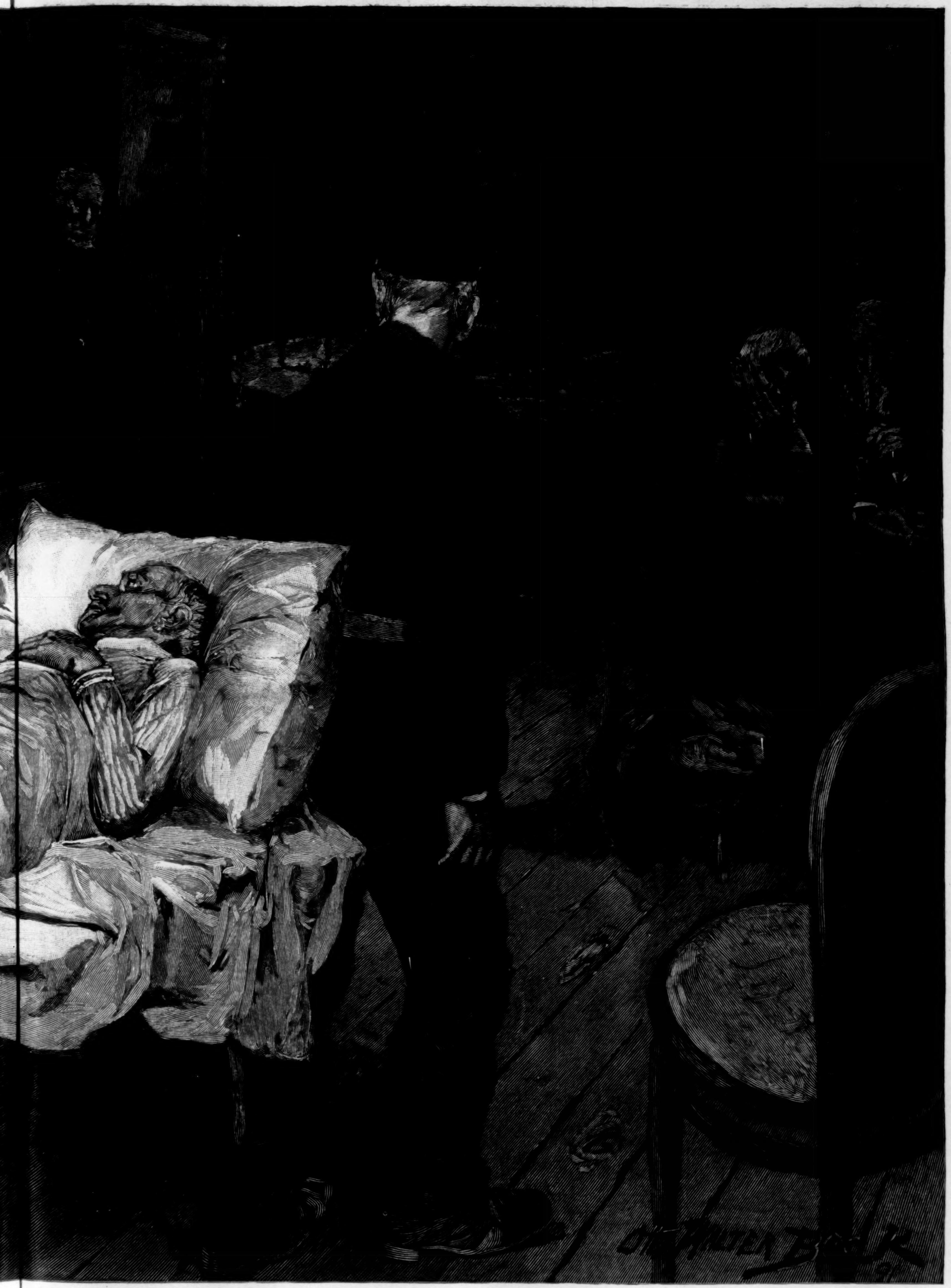
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